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# ROSSENDALE COLLECTION

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Frontispiece portrait

MY LIFE AND TIMES

Introduction

Illustrations list

MOSES HEAP

of

ROSSENDALE

(1824 - 1913)

Appendix notes

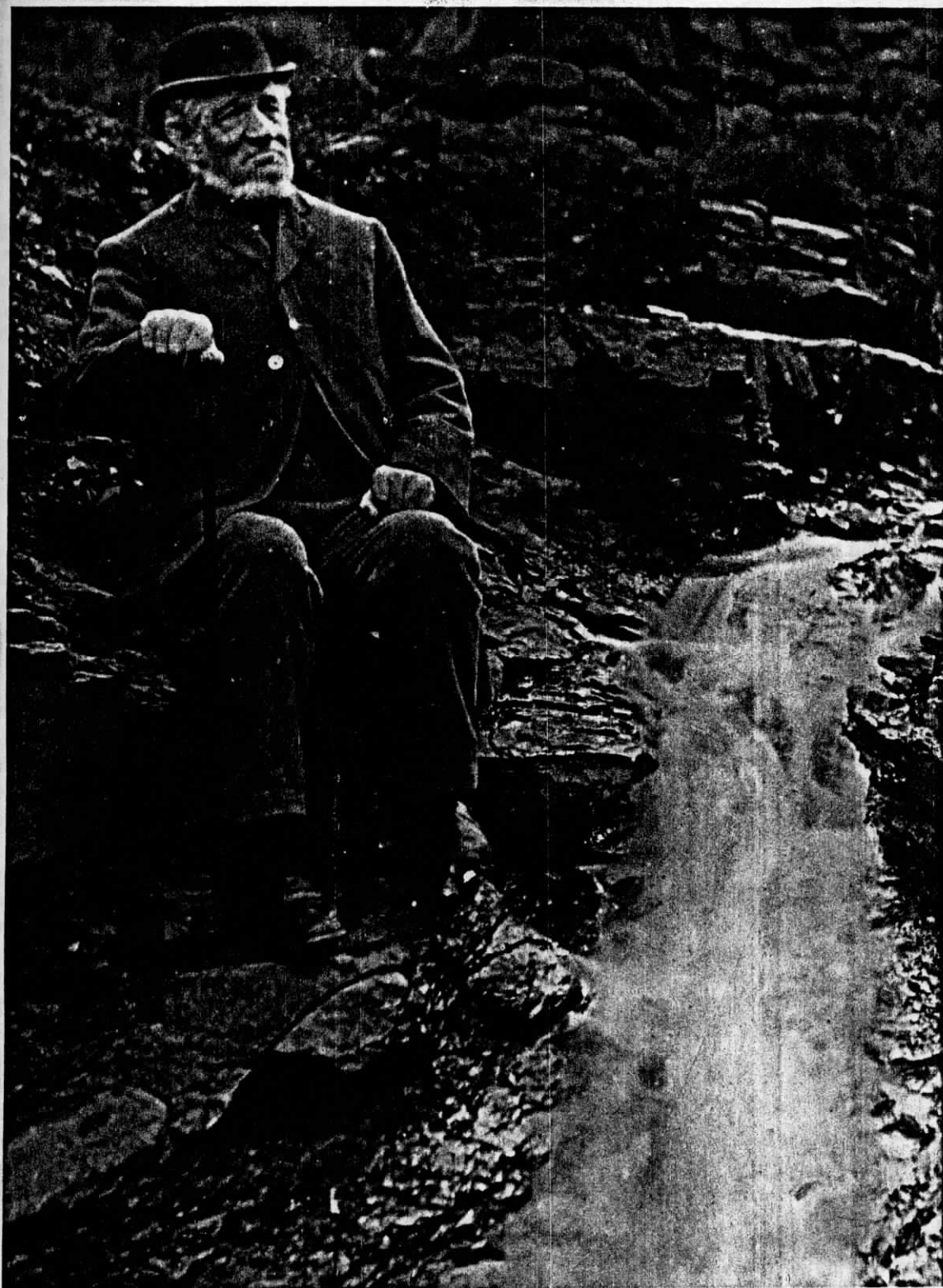


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MOSES HEAP

Born at Doals May 8, 1824: died at Southport April 24, 1913: buried at  
Shuttleworth Parish Church.  
photo. S. Pollard. Rossendale.

## INTRODUCTION

The manuscript volume which had previously been copied out by a relative - his daughter Mary, after the family had moved to Southport in 1909, seems to have passed through many hands before being offered to the Rawtenstall Library's Rossendale Collection of local history, par Mr. C. Aspin of Helmshore in 1961.

The black bound note book of some 285 pages is entitled "My Life and Times," or "An Old Man's Memories," illustrated with numerous anecdotes and quaint sayings. Yours faithfully, Moses Heap. 1904. The diary ends on page 181 (page 66 in this typed copy) and the original transcriber has added notes and anecdotes compiled by Heap, many of which refer to the diary text. Relevant illustrations, photographs etc., had also been added with appropriate notes. These are not reproduced here.

As the David Whitehead diary gives an insight into the rise and development of the Rossendale cotton mill owners in the hey-day of the Industrial Revolution, so, in a lesser way, does Moses Heap's diary reveal the life and labours of the 19th century mill worker, covering much the same period as the Whitehead diary, though commencing a little later.

Though poles apart socially, Moses Heap and David Whitehead had things in common. Both were self-made Rossendale men with little or no formal education, yet blessed with an ability to express themselves logically; also possessing deep religious convictions and an understanding and interest in issues beyond the parochial boundary. Both were always ready to shift their jobs and move to other parts of the valley if they felt it was to their benefit.

Moses Heap who, unlike Whitehead, had more desire to be considered an aesthete rather than a religious man of substance, was a useful musician and companion of many Deighn Layrocks.

He seems to have been, however, one of the more genteel mill workers who, whilst keenly supporting moves for better working conditions in the cotton mills, was hardly likely to get himself embroiled in the more bitter and violent disputes of the day. It is possible, that, for this reason, the diary may seem to disappoint, since Heap must have been in the midst of much of this industrial strife and expansion, yet his sensitive pen records too few incidents.

The reason may well be that, although he felt the impact of the industrial changes with their strikes and lockouts, they probably appeared to his aesthetic nature, an irksome business, particularly to one who, inherently, felt he could belong to the 'other side of the fence.' It is not surprising therefore that, in 1874 he left the mills and became a yeast merchant, latterly in his own account.

Nevertheless the diary is a useful background to any study of 19th century Rossendale life and the index has been compiled with this purpose in mind.

In this reproduction, Heap's text has not been altered except for essential minor corrections. The only omissions, apart from the illustrations, are

some of the anecdotes which have no relevant bearing on Moses Heap's life and times in Rossendale.

Jon Elliott.  
Easter 1962.

*Jon Elliott*

# ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following is a list of all printed items and photographs inserted into the manuscript. Many of the items are annotated by Heap. The page numbers given below are those of the manuscript book. It has only been possible to reproduce for this edition, the portrait of Moses Heap.

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MY LIFE AND TIMES BY MOSES HEAP OF ROSSENDALE (1824-1913)

Our family connections with Rossendale and the surrounding districts have lasted for many generations, but with certainty it can be traced back to the latter part of the 18th century. My grandfather, John Heap, came from Nelson to Brex, near Newchurch-in-Rossendale, as a farm labourer. After living there some time, he married Betty, the daughter of Richard Heyworth, a farmer. The late Rev. Richard Heyworth at one time the minister at the Baptist Chapel, Edgeside; he was a County Councillor for the district, and a very prominent educationalist for many years; was a descendant of the Heyworth branch of the family. There were three sons born to them, (and a daughter who died in infancy). William, my father, was the eldest, and was born at Brex, October 25, 1800, died February 26, 1867, was buried at the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw. John, the second son died in infancy. Robert the third son, was born January 17, 1803, and died at Christmas, 1856 at Oldham. My father was born in the midst of what was known as "Barley Time" so-called, because for several years the harvests had been very poor, and Barley was the best food obtainable and when the change came for the better, large numbers of people died through the privations they had endured. My Mother, Ann, was the daughter of Lawrence and Betty Lord, and was born May 21, 1807; died February 1, 1881; and was buried with my father at Goodshaw. Betty Lord, my grandmother, of Spring Mill, near Bacup, died May 25, 1857 in her 75th year, and was buried at Ebenezer Chapel, Bacup, May 30, 1857. My father and mother William and Ann were married on Thursday, May 8, 1823, at Bacup, supposed to be St. Johns Church, as marriages could not be solemnized at the Nonconformist places of Worship. There are many members of the Lord family still living at Bacup, also of the Heaps at Nelson at the present day, though of distant relationship. There were eight sons and three daughters born to our family, myself, being the eldest, was born at Doals near Bacup, May 8, 1824. When I was four years old, we removed to Lumb, (proper) on December 20th, 1828, and had not lived there long when our house fell in. It had been constructed on this wise. There were two houses adjoining the mill. The two rooms on the first storey in each house were used as living rooms, and the upper rooms used as a warehouse for the mill, but during the week three or four beds were there for the children to sleep on. These children were orphans taken from the Workhouse by Mr. G. Haworth, the Master, to work for him, a practice which was very common in those days. This accident happened on a Sunday afternoon during summer, just as people were returning home from service at the chapel. If it had occurred a few hours later probably we should have been killed, as the beds were piled high with the debris. The accident was caused by the upper rooms collapsing. They were filled with lumber of all descriptions, and the rotten beams gave way. My father and mother had gone to Brex to see an Uncle, who was dying: they had taken my brother with them, therefore, when the crash came, I and my sister Betty went to tell them the sad tale. Our little furniture was no worse, but I remember we had to sleep in the mill amongst the cotton. My father was a Jenny Spinner, that is, he worked one of the old-fashioned type of spinning machines, with about 100 Spindles, and turned

by hand. It was a good trade until the advent of the Spinning Mule, which was worked by Steam power and had more spindles. I was told by my father of the riots which took place in April 1826, in the various manufacturing districts of Lancashire, because of the introduction of power-loom, which being quicker and cheaper, took away the work of the hand-loom. The mobs went through the towns and villages smashing the machinery, (1,000 looms were destroyed, and a large amount of other material) until the soldiers were called out. On April 23, 1826, and for several days the mob of starving people tramped through Rossendale. On the 26th the military came in contact with them at a mill in the little village of Chatterton near Ramsbottom. (the mill has now disappeared) Mr. William Grant, (of the firm of Grant Bros.) as a Magistrate read the Riot Act, and after some of the soldiers had been hit with missiles thrown by the rioters, the soldiers answered by firing on them. Five men and one woman were killed, and many were injured. The damage cost the county thousands of pounds; a large number of the rioters were arrested, tried, and sentenced to transportation for life. Some time later a worse calamity befell our little family: on February 21st 1833, my brother James was drowned; this was a great trial to us. He was four years old that day, and was interred at St. Nicholas Church, Newchurch. I do not actually know at what age I began to go to the factory, but I do remember being carried on father's back at five years of age to work. Even as I grew older the nights of winter seemed dreadfully long. Some people had candles, others who could afford it had lamps, just as their work would allow.

The people at that time were very poor, and, as we say, lived from hand to mouth day by day. They lived under what is known as the "Truck System," which, happily, has long been abolished. The employee had to buy all his necessities from his master, thus a master held a whip over his worker's head in the form of extortionate charges. Even if we only wanted a little meal, or treacle, etc., it had to be traded through the employer, and one had to be careful not to overspend one's wages. An old man and his wife once went to buy their provisions for the week, and the pay for hand-loom weaving had been very bad for some time. The old man said, "Let's have a ar've a peaud o' swine's grease to mek a sad-cake wi for't 'tay!" But the wife holding up both her hands replied in rebuke and astonishment, "An've a peaud o' swine's grease un noa rooavins i' th' heause? Nay, Loll, that'll never doo," so the sad cake had to wait o' th' rooavins coming. James and jellies were never dreamt of. I, along with my Mother and a number of other people, have waited on a Monday night, until mid-night, for the carrier to arrive from Burnley with provisions. I often think of the dark and dreary times we had in those days, very poor keep, with 12 hours to work, each day sometimes. One of my early recollections is of thinking how highly we were favoured when we got some sweet tea and toasted cake, or when father came home from his club at Newchurch and brought a quart of pear, or mussels and cockles. In 1827, a man named Bill O'Rogers with his two sons were hanged at Lancaster for sheep stealing near Baoup. /On Sep, 8, 18 King William IV, was crowned. All the scholars walked in procession down the road as far as Hargreaves Arms, (Lumb) where each one was treated with

bread and cheese, (each scholar carried a small gill pot) and a gill of home-brewed ale. I was 6 years old at this time, and well do I remember the treat we had that day, for such things were real "red-letters" to us. The "Hargreaves Arms" just mentioned, was kept by a man named William Clegg; he was a quaint character. He had a hobby of mending worn-out carts, and instead of sound material, using a lot of putty and paint in the operation, so as to offer it as a cheap bargain to anyone willing to run the risk of being taken in. During the long days of work and especially in winter, in the factory, in order to keep us youngsters awake, an effigy, the full size of a man, made of cotton, and when required, was carried round the room on a man's back to waken us all up, which reminds me of stories we used to hear of Ghosts or Hobgoblins, making us afraid to go outside in the dark. The Baptists at this time had a room at Lumb for service and school, but did not stay there very long, as our William Clegg built a small chapel at Pinch Clough, a short distance away. Over the doorway is a small tablet with the following words carved on - "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." As the place was rather damp they did not stay in it very long, and the building was converted into cottages when the new chapel came into use. It was on March 31st, 1831, that the old chapel was opened, which, after a good many years service, had to give place to a more commodious one on the same site. About 1832 an Act of Parliament came into force to limit the working hours in all mills and Workshops to 12 hours per day.

I was now eight years of age, and after three years of work was passed for short-time working by Dr. Crabtree, of Newchurch, who was the first factory doctor in Rossendale. My princely wage from the age of five was 1/- per week. The other part of the day I went to an old woman to say my lesson, but I learnt more from my old Sunday-School teacher, Robert Ashworth, of Moss Barn. The Doctor who was supposed to examine the boy or girl, would ask the child to put out its tongue, and sometimes would have his finger bitten on putting it into the child's mouth. After the passing of the 12 hours Act, the men and boys had a practice of meeting in the mill-bottom to cheat, or play tricks upon one another. I remember sometimes a person would give another man some tobacco to have all his hair or whiskers cut off; or perhaps would only take off one side, according to bargain. One time a man gave me a penny to smoke a pipe of tobacco. As pennies were not so plentiful in those days I was therefore determined to gain the prize, but I had to suffer for it afterwards by being very sickly, which I think must have been a lesson to me in after life, for I have never wanted to smoke a pipe of tobacco since. Some of the people living in those far-off days were very quaint characters - as well as superstitious, which trait got grafted into the children, for education was almost Nil. They lived such lonely lives amongst the hills scarcely ever going more than five miles from their native village. No wonder the awful tales told in the wide-open firegrate on a cold winter's night with the wind from the moors howling round the house had its effect on the young ones. Fairies, wizards, witches,, "Billy with the Wisp" and "Jack with the Lantern", rough the two latter being considered very dangerous persons, were all told to us.

The children were terrified of having to go outside in the hours of darkness. I've heard tales of mischief done, but have never been fortunate enough to be an eyewitness, although my father used to tell about seeing things done which he could not explain. If we saw a light moving about it would be someone carrying a lantern with a farthing candle alight. If in the day-time we passed near a clough or glen, or a large group of trees, we would set off at a run shouting Jenny Greenteeth is coming. In these days (1904) we should have a very simple explanation. I just record this to show the state of the common people. The houses at this time had little furniture in them. The money earned went in provisions, and these were very scanty. Many a time our family of father, mother, and three or four children had to join at the porridge dish, with treacle and water instead of milk. In summer we gathered nettles, and sourdocks for mother to cook with a little oatmeal ready for eating. On Saturday night towards seven o'clock when all work was finished and the bobbin wheel taken away, the house would be cleaned up. The floor was washed with a long mop, then it was covered with sand, afterwards scrubbed over with a larger stone at the end of a long pole. Carpets were unknown. It was indeed a time of great humiliation. A master really thought he was doing a great favour by finding one a few day's work. After the reduction of the hours of work, it became a practice mostly on Saturdays to play games, especially football or cricket, which had never been done before, some kept Whippet dogs for coursing. Bull-baiting was a common sport in Lumb. A ring was fixed in the ground, and another through the bull's nose, to which a rope was attached. The rope was put through the floor ring, and drawn tight, thus bringing the beast's head to the ground. Then dogs were set on it in turn. They were often pitched to a great height in the air by the bull. It was a cruel sport, which has happily been made illegal. At this time not a building stood along the roadside. All was meadow-land from Lumb to Water, now it is all built on, each side of the road. A great deal of hand-loom weaving was carried on in the homes, both cotton and woollen goods. Some of the Woollen weavers sized their own warps by the roadside between the two villages. On a fine day it was a common practice for the warps to be stretched out and someone spreading the size on with a brush from a can, but many of our musical friends were so fond of singing and fiddling that their looms would be idle until about Tuesday night then they would work night and day to finish their allotted task before Saturday. Most of the education one received was at the Sunday schools which were conducted in a manner altogether different to the present day, the boys had to write one half the day, and the girls the other half. When the time was up, the superintendent came in and shouted, "finish your lines!" That being done, he would give the orders to collect the books, the ruler and the plunnett, (that is, a piece of lead about four inches long to rule with, instead of pencil). Spelling was considered a great feat, for the best speller always went to the top of the class. Clogs were in general use weekday and Sunday alike, very few were fortunate enough to have shoes to wear. I remember father bringing home my first pair of shoes, which I took to bed, lest someone might run off with them before morning. Some boys wore thruses for a cap, (that is, the bottoms of warps) joined in the shape of a turban and girls generally wore a handkerchief tied over their heads, and a rough pinafore made of sacking to cover up even worse clothing. Having lost my

little brother, (through drowning) our family got a little unsettled through the shock of it, and we remained only a little over twelve months at Lumb. (proper)

We removed to Bank-lane, Shuttleworth, near Ramsbottom, on May 8, 1834 - my tenth birthday. We went to live in a house in the part called "Bye-<sup>There was a pub called "Red Lion" Shuttleworth</sup> road," and the next door was a beer-house called, "Red Lion" Here, my father was a Jenny Spinner for Mr. John Pilling (son of the Rev. John Pilling, Minister, 42 years of the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw). I was a Billy-piecer at 2/- per week. My sister "Betty" was a Jenny piecer for two Jennies. Goods were carried to Manchester on wagons. From our mill they had to be taken on a truck by two men to Shipperbottom, the appointed place, where the wagons received them. For removing the goods from the mill to that spot, a long mile and over a rough road, the two men, on their return with the empty truck, each received the magnificent sum of 3d. You may be sure it was thankfully received, as 3d could not be picked up very often in those far-off days. While we were at Shuttleworth, meal for porridge became more plentiful, which made us feel more settled in the place. The duty on Almanacks was repealed that year. In December my brother John was born, but only lived a few weeks, and was interred at St. Nicholas Church, Newchurch. Funerals at that time were conducted in a modest manner, for the simple reason no one had any money to spend. Riding in carriages to and from the house of bereavement, and followed by a high-tea, with all the delicacies of a later custom were never dreamt off. When my brother James, (who was drowned) was being buried, nearly all our bits of clothing had to be borrowed. Invitations were sent round to relatives, and friends, with date and time of interment. Whilst they were gathering together either in the bereaved house, or in the house of a neighbour, one acted as waiter, handing round currant-bread, (made on purpose for the occasion) each mourner receiving two pieces, and each piece being about five inches square, and one inch thick. Another waiter went round with a pewter quart jug filled with ale, well seasoned, and sweetened up to taste, the handle of the jug being wrapped with lemon peel. Before leaving the house a number of men were chosen from the mourners to act as bearers of the dead. Having done duty at the chapel and the graveside, it was customary in those days for the minister or sexton, to give notice to the mourners and friends as to which public-house they were to retire to. I suppose this was done, as they thought, to cheer one up a little, and drive dull care away. There was very little for the printing press to do, for if a sale was to take place in the neighbourhood, a notice of it was read out by the sexton, (the previous Sunday) whilst standing on a gravestone or on the churchyard wall, when the worshippers had all come out of church. The people came long distances, and news travelled slowly, so this was how they were pasted up for any happenings during the following week. Everyone at that time were very poor, and, as we say, lived from hand to mouth, from day to day. Morality was at a very low ebb in this district, which was made worse by the influx of larger numbers of navvies from other parts of the country working at the building of a reservoir, hence a lot of drinking and fighting, which went hand in hand.

To show the spirit of the place - I knew an old woman who had a son who was a terrible fighter, and he revelled in it, not for spite or ill-will. She used to say that she would rather carry his bones in her apron than that he should be beaten. I have seen men on a Sunday morning before 7 o'clock, fighting without any clothes on, at Whitsuntide, about a score of young men always went to the Kersey Moor races for the week on fighting intent. On their return they were not generally as lively as when they went. There was no church or chapel in the village. Park Independent Chapel was about a mile away, but some trouble occurred there, and one section separated from the other. The minister, Rev. Bery, Nightingale, left them and opened a room in Bank-Lane. My father attended his services, and Mr. Nightingale often came to our house with Old John Jackson. I liked to hear them telling their stories and singing their old tunes, but I went with my companions to Edenfield Church and Sunday School, which I enjoyed very much. If we had all our marks for successive Sundays we then received a ticket, and that was reckoned a penny, which were all collected at the end of the year, and in exchange for which we received a book. In that year, (1835) I received a Bible. In this school it was the rule for the two senior Bible classes to write on alternate Sundays, the boys and then the girls. One Sunday during that year (1835) a total eclipse of the sun took place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It became so dark that candles had to be lit in the pulpit during the service. Outside the stars were visible. A great deal of consternation was caused by it; it was thought that the world was coming to its end. The atmosphere had a very strange look; the clouds were very low and black. After a time the air went very cold, and chilly. Soon after we came to live here, my father had his "footing". It was the custom for a "new hand" at a factory to pay a certain sum of money for drink by way of a start at the new mill but my father could not stand it, not being used to ale, and having very little to eat at our last place, it was too much for him. A pint of ale made him fairly drunk. Whilst we lived at Shuttleworth the great "Temperance" movement commenced. By this reform a person was allowed to have a certain quantity of drink in moderation, or as the Scriptures tell us, "To be temperate in all things" but it was soon found out that if some folks got to taste, they could not stop until they had made a "beast" of themselves. Therefore, it was agreed by a party of seven Preston men that all should be total abstainers, which meant they were neither to touch, taste, nor handle, in this connection the word "Teetotal" was coined, with regard to "Total Abstinence, and in St. Peter's Church, Preston, is the following. - Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner. Author of the word "Teetotal" as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, Aged 56 years. Whit Friday was our "Red Letter" day. The day was spent by the scholars walking in procession through the village street, accompanied by two bands of music, and banners of various shapes, sizes and design, visiting the gentry on our way, and receiving presents in the shape of oranges, cakes and sweets. As I have previously said, a great deal of immorality prevailed here. A great many men and women with families were living together unmarried. But in a few years a church was built, and the Rev. W. Hughes hearing of this state of

things, gave notice that all those persons unmarried, if they would come to the church, he would marry them for nothing. The consequence was - a large number of weddings took place. As for grand weddings in those days, there were no grand carriages to ride in, to and from church. If they had any money they spent it to decorate themselves. I have seen 14 couples walking in procession to be married. The men wore tall hats, decorated with ribbons, and the women were also decorated in the same way. Leading the wedding party was a fiddler, playing all the ditties he could remember, and bringing up the rear was a man carrying a basin filled with ale and rum, and letting anyone on the way have a drink.

The time was now approaching when our little family would have to make another move. Mr. Pilling, the master at the mill where we worked, had taken Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth, (which has been known by different names from the name of the firm) and he gave his work people the privilege of removing thereto, and continue working for him. We removed to Crawshawbooth on May 16, 1836, and commenced work almost at once. At this time (1836) the principal mills were Bold Venture, which was destroyed by fire on November 22, 1879, and rebuilt 1880. It was re-named "Alexander Mill." There were the Higher and Lower Folly factories, but the Sunny-side print-works was the most important. About 300 Black Printers were employed, sometimes on both day and night shifts; there were only six or seven machines. Labourers wages were very poor. Able-bodied men working in the bleach and dye-house averaged about 10s-6d per week, and strong lads 3/- a week for 12 hours a day. The printworks was worked by Butterworth and Brooks. An old friend (James Riley) had the princely wage each week of 10s-6d; he was an engineer and fireman, with a wife and four children to keep. These were the kind of wages that would not stretch to more than thin porridge. At the northern end to the works the roadway crosses the River Lummy. At that time anyone taking a "Bird's-Eye" view from the bridge would see more meadowland than buildings. There was no Forest Bank, Highfield, Primrose Terrace, York Street, Orrell's Buildings, or Clarence St., Orchard Terrace was just a large orchard, belonging to Mr. James Haworth, a quaker, who lived in the Old Mansion House opposite, on the site of the present Mansion House Buildings, and the four large shops which stand by the road-side. The Mansion House was built in 1610 and pulled down about 1880. In this orchard were various fruit trees in excellent order. In the midst of these an Ancestor of the family is buried. The grave originally was covered by a full sized gravestone which rested on pillars, but many years ago the pillars gave way and the owner of the property removed them and laid the stone, (which will be about seven feet long) flat on the grave. The following was the inscription to be seen at the time I write- 1904 -

Here was interred the body of James Haworth, of this place, who departed this life, 2nd January 1772, aged 63.

My loving spouse, and children dear,  
I trust you to my Jesu's care,  
Weep not for me, my soul's at rest,  
With Christ the Lord my righteousness.  
Although my flesh within this tomb  
Must moulder until Jesus come,

The trump of God will break my sleep,  
Dry up your tears, pray do not weep,

Near by was a Sun-Dial with this inscription -

"Watch and Pray. Time hastes away."

It was made by John Hartley, of Burnley, for Mr. George Haworth,  
of Crawshawbooth. 1751!"

At Bonfire Hill there stood half a dozen houses. There was no Spencer Street, Rock Terrace, or Adelaide St., all was meadowland. Whilst at work at Bridge Mill (now in ruins) I have seen rabbits and hares from the hills playing about in the roadway by the hour. The toll-bar stood a few yards down the road, half-way between the Mansion House and Bridge Mill. The National School was in course of erection, and was opened the following year (1837). Beyond the first house was the "New Inn!" On both sides of the road was fencing and thorn hedge. This stretch of road was considered dangerous, and people from and to Goodshawfold or Rings-Row passed along it in groups, as there had been several robberies with violence at night.

On June 28, 1838, was the Coronation of H.M. Queen Victoria. The scholars from the National School, Crawshawbooth, walked in procession with two bands of music, and banners flying in great profusion. Each scholar had a medal attached to a piece of blue-ribbon and hung from the neck. On arriving at "All Saints Church," Goodshaw, a service commenced, but as we were nearing the time for the sermon, Mr. Boddy, the clergyman, discovered that he had left his sermon at home, so by way of filling up the breach he gave notice for the choir to sing two hymns whilst he went home for his notes. The hymns sung were, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," and another one to the "Old Hundreth" tune. Now Mr. Boddy was a lodger at Miss Haworth's Crawshawbooth, opposite the National School, and to his dismay when he arrived there, he found the house locked up. Miss Haworth had gone to Mrs Butterworth's, Sunnyside House, to await the arrival of the scholars. So Mr. Boddy was obliged to enter the house through a window in order to get his notes. As he entered the church on his return, the last verse of the second hymn was being sung. The day was a hot one, and the race there and back had very much exhausted him, taking all the vim out of him, as he entered the church by the back door and went straight to the three decker pulpit, and got through the sermon with some difficulty. When the service was over, we fell into our ranks again, and visited Sunnyside House and Crawshaw Hall, where we received oranges etc, and returned in procession to the school for coffee and buns. At this time there was only the National School, first established in 1811, and the Central School, near the church, an old building, but later enlarged. The National School at Loveclough was built eight years later. The scholars at the other schools had a procession through the street on their own account. About this time the Friends (Quakers) were in a very flourishing condition. They used to have quarterly meetings on Thursdays, and on these occasions a long line of carriages of all descriptions stood below the Black

Dog Inn. The Friends came from long distances - Bolton, Rochdale, Marsden and other towns. John Bright was a trustee of the Meeting House, and his chair is still to be seen there. The meeting house was, once at least, visited by George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, and known as the man with the leather breeches. Elizabeth Fry also visited here. The local members of this Society principally were: Richard Binns (grocer), Daniel Binns (farmer and clogger), Joseph Binns, Henry Gill (clogger) George Gill (grocer), Old John Burton, William Burton (plumber), (George Calvert (grocer) who was the last one to be buried at the Quakers on the Sunday morning about the 1880's and the route was lined with people on each side of the road), Mathew Rothwell (plasterer), and William King, (painter). They were all staunch quakers. If these old-time Friends could come back they would look a strange sight in the eyes of the present generation, with their long-tailed coats without collar, knee-breeches, and a broad-brimmed hat. Their wives wore long-bonnets and fine lace caps. They had no flowers or ribbons, and their dresses were all of one colour, both men and women, with no pattern whatever. Their chief colours were drab, brown, grey, etc. but they never made any change of clothing for funerals, nor did they bury more than one in a grave. No stones were placed over the graves, but in the adjoining graveyard an exception was made. It was said at the time that an extension of land was given by the owner at the back of the building, so an exception was made, for the privilege of erecting stones, over the graves of various members of his family. The "Friends" made a great mistake in breaking up their Sunday School, and so caused their own children to go to other schools in the village. From that time their numbers began to dwindle so that now I don't think there is a single Quaker lives in Crawshawbooth. I have often heard it told of Daniel Binns having to do penance seven years by sitting behind the chapel door. This was for being bondsman - and the man failed. Inside the building the aisle goes up the centre. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. I have seen several mistakes in this matter, which have created a smile. No religious sect in this country were so persecuted as the Quakers. George Fox wrote in his Journal that often not less than 1,000 persons were in prison at one time. At one time there were over 4,300 persons in prison. The "Friends" worshipping at the enclosure at Chapel Hill were very much persecuted. The first interment on the "Register" is dated 1688, then follow a large number who had died in prison. But now, those who are left may worship like any other sect to their hearts content, without let or hindrance, under their own vine and fig-tree. On Wednesday, July 4 1838, there was a great flood, called "Cowpe Flood!" It happened at 3 p.m. quite suddenly, and the torrential rain made the river rise to an enormous height. People at work in the mill below had to run for their lives. The river was bridged over by the mill, and when the torrent came rushing down the hill the course of the river was soon blocked up, so that before long all the middle of the factory was carried away. A short distance below this mill, a cousin of my father's resided, and his wife had been confined of twins, only a few days before. Whilst the storm was raging the husband ran into the house saying "You will all have to come out or you will go down with the flood!" He wrapped a sheet round his wife and got her out, pulling a sofa after him, and then the house disappeared. Besides this narrow escape he lost

an "Old Sow" with a litter of young pigs. My father and I visited the scene of destruction the following Sunday. At Hareholme the bridge had stood not the slightest chance and had totally disappeared. A boiler and engine cylinder were washed down, and I saw a water-wheel still hanging to one wall of the mill. Besides great damage to property a large number of sheep and cattle were washed away. It was said the cause of the disaster was a "cloud burst" on the top of the hill, which sent the water down each side, so that at Spotland Bridge (on the Rochdale side of the hill) the storm was quite as bad. The high Water mark of July 4th, 1838, is still to be seen on the wall half-way up the second storey windows of a house. The storm was bad in Crawshawbooth but bore no comparison to Coupe, although I remember seeing Mr. Pilling in the water up to his waist in front of the mill probing with a rake trying to find an outlet for the water. My father now became a spinner on one mule, (spinning machine) and I was his piecer. On Monday morning, Jan. 7, 1839, there was a great gale of wind. Chimney stacks were blown down, trees uprooted, and roofs carried away. I never experienced a wind so bad, neither before nor since. The wind was so strong that salt water was carried from the distant sea, making the houses and windows all white with salt. It was very dangerous for anyone to be out of doors while it lasted. About this time, there was a very severe frost, and was followed by rain, making the roads one mass of glazed ice. Many people had limbs broken, and my father had his shoulder put out of joint. Whilst this frost lasted, sledges were being ridden down the hill from Goodshaw Chapel to the Rakefoot Bridge without stopping. There was only one green-grocer in Crawshawbooth. That was "Tommy" Lancaster (also beerseller) just below the Old Masons Arms, and locally known as "Bump!" Tommy went to Blackburn Market only on a Saturday morning, arriving back with his stock of fish, cockles and mussels all were in great demand, also the various kinds of vegetables. There was a very busy sale for a couple of hours. Folks came from Goodshaw Chapel and Goodshawfold, in fact, from all over the district. Cockles and Mussels were looked upon as a great delicacy. There were as yet no railways, and anyone going from home had to do the journey on foot, mostly over the hills for the nearest. I remember several times a farmer's cart starting off for Blackpool with three or four old women in, who were rheumatically, and going on a jaunt to the seaside for the benefit of their health, and occupying four or five days, but most of it was on the journey. There were as yet no railways, but we had three or four stagecoaches which made the journey between Burnley and Manchester, with stages about ten miles apart for the change of horses. One was the "Mail" coach, with a guard sitting behind dressed in a "Livery" suit, and who occasionally blew a loud blast on a horn to give notice of his approach. The fare from Crawshawbooth to Manchester was 2/6. In our village lived a very stout man, and on one occasion he wanted to go the journey. On the arrival of the coach he asked the guard what he would take a fat goose for to the city. "One shilling" was the reply. "Here goes then," he said, and immediately mounted the coach. The man's name was Goose.

In my boyhood days we always had our Annual procession from the National

Schools at Crawshawbooth, which was held on the first Tuesday in June (and being the fair) though it was on a small scale, it all seemed very wonderful to us youngsters, who scarcely ever saw a penny. It was a time long looked forward to. All the mills stopped at noon for the day and continued to do so until the ten hours Act of Parliament became law in 1847. At that time a man known as "Bill Sweep" attended the fair with his "hobby horses" from Haslingden, and they stood in the "Bull Square." The horses were on a very small scale, very little larger than those sold now at 2/- each, and were fixed upon an old rickety framework. There was no engine to turn them, but there were always plenty of boys eager to do the turning around, and they had a lot of pushing to do before they had earned a ride for themselves. In a few years the date was changed to Whit-Tuesday, and later, the following day as well. In (1869) a notice was posted up saying that the fair would be changed to Thursday of Whit-Week in 1870, and all the mills would stop for the week. The stall-holders, however, took not the slightest notice and continued to come at the old time. For some time before the day, and the schools processions at the same time (as this was the "Red Letter" day of the year) the dress and bonnet makers of the district were very busy. So were the tailors for those who could manage to get something new. All the young women would buy ribbons and frilling for the occasion, as there was always strife amongst them which could be the smartest. Many an argument was carried on for days after as to which of the girls had been the belle. After processioning, the scholars had coffee and buns at the school, then went down to the fair, seeking out their sweethearts. When found there was an uneasy time until baskets were filled with nuts and brandy snaps. This fair was also noted for housemaids and old wives laying in a stock of new crockery. Those days are now a thing of the past. In place of the fair, (1904) we see hundreds of workpeople carrying boxes and bags on their way to the Railway Station for a few days at the seaside. At this time, (1836-1840) only two farmers brought milk into our village. One was George Hudson from New Laithe farm, near Dunnockshaw, who brought two cans of "Blue" milk on the horse's back. The other was James Fenton from Laund Farm, with two cans of "Blue" milk on a donkey's back. The price was 16 quarts for one shilling. New milk was not wanted in those days. We had Easter dues to pay to the Vicar of Haslingden Church, and these were collected by a man known by the name of "Fiddling Harry." Our "due" was 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. They said it was for the smoke going up the chimney. Then we had Church rates to pay (and grumbled), but in course of time we were relieved of both these rates. In the Doctors profession we had only Dr. Taylor and occasionally Dr. Hartley from Rawtenstall. There were no Co-operative stores, and only a few small shops, mostly carried on by old people. No buses ran - all had to walk to Burnley Market. Report tells about some of these traders calling at the "Bull and Butcher" on their homeward journey, and agreeing about selling prices. No wonder their goods were dear. But, of course, these men had to look after their own interests, for they had monthly pay-days to contend with, and drinking was rife. Many a one instead of paying off his shopping account would go on drinking, and leave the poor shopman to whistle for his money. It was on the 29th of May 1839, I first began my Musical career at the Old School, Goodshaw Church. Our teacher,

named Jonathan Spencer, was a good tenor singer, having been trained with the old Dean singers, in the Baptist Chapel in the village. Our class consisted of about 40 pupils, but our teacher only stayed about twelve months, removing to Ramsbottom to be a choirmaster at Grant's Church. He was like a stone set-a-rolling, for he did not stay anywhere very long. His next move was to Turton Church, and whilst there he commenced to drink heavily, which soon ended his career, for he died a short time afterwards. When our class ended I went to Henry Hayworth at Crawshawbooth, and as he had only a few pupils, I got better attention, also a better knowledge of the art. This man and myself became great friends until his death, which occurred in 1854. The penny post was established on January 10, 1840. I have known people who have had to pay 4d, 6d, 8d, and sometimes a charge of 1/- for a letter, according to the distance carried. The half-penny postcard was first issued on October 2, 1870. For short distances the mails were sometimes carried by a man or a boy. I have heard Jesse Jackson (my father-in-law) talk about carrying the letter bag from Edenfield to Loveclough during the night-time, with a big dog chained round him. He was seven years of age, so that would be about the year 1809. The toll-bar stood a little distance down the street, and at certain times of the year large droves of sheep and cattle came from Skipton and Gisburn markets on their way to Manchester market. All these had to rest en route for the night. On passing through the toll-bar it was a very difficult matter for the keeper to count the animals, so he allowed only one at a time to pass through a single gate. At a rather remote period I remember an old (Jewish) pedlar from Haslingden going through our streets selling small wares. He went by the nick-name of "Old Sec-a-Penny!" He was much noticed for his very ancient appearance with his long beard. Always was he praying to his "Mosey" (moses) to help up this "brawey" (while climbing up the Old Rake behind Crawshaw Hall, on his way home.

In 1840, two men named Briggs and Dickenson made a midnight raid on Deerplay Inn, a lonely public house at the top of the hill on the road from Bacup to Burnley. It was kept by an old couple -- Mr. and Mrs Simpson. Several shots from a gun were fired, but no one was killed. Their son, who lived close by, came to their assistance, and was hit by a ball shot. Briggs was imprisoned, but Dickenson escaped to America, and it was rumoured later that he had been hanged for murder. In the same year, a great disturbance occurred at the Trinity Baptist Chapel, Haslingden. My father went over one Sunday, and found the doors locked. The Rev. Mr. Starkey and his party came with big hammers and broke the doors down. Getting into the gallery, the minister was attempting to jump into the pulpit, but someone seized him and pulled off his coat laps. After that, Mr. Starkey climbed on to the yard wall, and there preached from the text "The Hounds after the Hare," all the time the choir kept on singing for the space of an hour.

The same year (1840) a Baptist preaching room was opened at Deerplay, made from a cottage given for the use, by Mrs Simpson, the landlady at the inn. It was fit up in this manner. Near the door stood the pulpit, and above that

an opening about five feet wide was made in the upper floor, and in a half circle which was railed round. The choir sat in the upper room, and the congregation was below, so the parson would be able to see and be seen in both rooms. I visited this place occasionally with some musical friends from the Dean Valley. I was at one charity sermons when they sang six or eight choruses from Handel's Works. No compositions suited these people like those of Handel. They believed in music going at a fine tilting speed. On one occasion the Rev. T. Dawson, from Irwell-Terrace, Bacup, was to preach a funeral sermon, and Job's Anthem was to be rendered. Dawson put his hand through the railing above, and pulled Old Helliwell's coat-laps saying, "You must not sing all that anthem, for I want to be talking!" The old man replied, "Well, but you'll have to wait till we've done, or it will be nothing like!" So Dawson had to wait. About 2 miles along the road to Burnley, we come to the small hamlet of Dunnockshaw, consisting of a few houses, and later a coal staith from which coal in carts was distributed throughout the district for a good many years, and came out of the Hambleton hills. Across the road from this spot, in 1840, a mill was built by a man named Peter Pickup, but he never saw the commencement of the mill working, for two years later, he was killed in his stone-quarry. However, the mill was taken over by Richard Bridge & Co., who worked it well, they both did well for themselves and their employees, so that in the year (1846) they built the Providence Chapel. In the same year the National School, Loveclough was opened. A short distance from the Dunnockshaw Mill and on the other side of the road, stood a small Beer-house with a sign in the shape of a gate, which hung over the footpath, there were five bars on it and four of the bars had a line each of the following poetry:

This gate hangs well.	And hinders none.
Refresh and pay.	Then travel on.

a toll-bar stood near by.

This year (1840) the cotton trade was very bad, there was but little work and poor pay for it. So both the employer and employee had a very hard time in those Corn Law days. All the hand looms in the Colne district were stopped. (which had been their main support, for there wasn't a single mill in Colne at that time). It was during this time that a man composed a song to the tune called "Bocking Warp!"

The words are as follows:

Come all ye weavers old and young,  
It is to you I'll sing a song.  
And if I tell you my desire,  
You cannot say that I'm a liar.  
I wish I had those warpers, and  
all sally winders in a band.

I'd make the whole of them to yowl,  
 I'd cudgel every one their bones,  
 Their knots when they come up to healds,  
 They sweep them down, just like bomb shells,  
 They fly across the shed, and break  
 They sweep down all within their reach.  
 I look at Healds, and there they stick,  
 I ne'er saw like since I was wick,  
 What pity could befall a heart,  
 To think about those hard sized warps,  
 I'll make the master for to stare.  
 To see his cloth so rough and bare  
 He turns it up, and cracks to fate,  
 So must I at your table stand,  
 And dare stir one foot or hand,  
 To see him rip the piece to rags.  
 Or give me the eternal bags,  
 So weavers are brought in for all.  
 Both cops and bobbins, grease and all  
 Both warper's, winder's, spinner's too,  
 For all their faults, we are put through,  
 Oh what a place for weavers here,  
 It makes me shiver and go queer,  
 And yet all this I cannot help,  
 It makes me fit to hang myself.

During this year (1840) the mill stopped several weeks for repairs. My father took advantage of this by going to Blackpool, unknown to us all, nor did anyone know his whereabouts - only, when last seen, walking up the old lane towards Boggart Cote, (Sunny Bank) above Stoneholme Mill, very early one morning and carrying a bundle under his arm. I found out afterwards, he had only 6/- in his pocket on leaving home, and in order to make this last out, he resorted to a farm-house at Marton, with a man named Whiteside, living on Porridge and milk all the time, and the few loaves he took with him. These were not railway days, if they had been, his small amount of money would not have afforded anything but walking. On his way home through Chatterton, near Ramsbottom, he called at my grandmother's, and being late she wanted him to stay till morning, but he would not, and came home tired and worn out. When passing through Horncliffe Wood, he got over the wall and laid himself down on the grass and fell asleep, but to his surprise was awakened by a heavy shower of rain. On arrival home, I think mother did chide him for going away in the manner he did.

We had several eccentric characters both local and from districts. One came

from over Cribden, selling six-inch long brinestone matches. These were more in use at the time of the flint and tinder box. In the year 1827, congrave matches were invented, but it was about 1840 before any reached Rossendale. They were similar to the present day matches, but did not light in the same way. They were lighted by drawing through a piece of emery paper, folded in the hand, but with the brinestone match mentioned, a tinder box was used. It was about five inches in diameter and two inches deep, with some cotton and flint on the bottom. By striking the flint with another flint the cotton ignited and then lighted the brinestone match. In a few years the Lucifer match took its place, and this, of course, would make a light by being drawn over any rough surface. I remember giving a penny for five or six of them. Now, in 1904 we can buy 12 boxes for 3d. The pedlar mentioned had been a prisoner in Russia and continually hearing a set of bells near the place of his confinement, learned a ditty, which he kept on singing along our streets. His name was John McKenzie, a Scotchman by birth, had been a soldier, had fought in Spain, and finished in the Scots Greys at the Battle of Waterloo, he died at his lodgings, 15 Grant St., Haslingden on the 29th October 1872, aged 101, and his grave is near the east end of Haslingden Church. He would probably have been buried in a pauper's grave, had not the then Vicar of Haslingden granted him a free grave.

On New Years Day, no one could get a light, I remember father and mother going away and leaving strict orders for us to admit no-one into the house, having either a white or a red head of hair. It was considered to be a sign of bad omen following suchlike characters. But those are all things of the past, and a better and brighter time has dawned even in the manner of getting a light by the invention of the lucifer match in the forties. I have seen many people who, having no tinder box, going from door to door in order to get a light. They would carry a handful of hay, into which they would put a red hot cinder and so get a light. It was thought good and cheap, to be able to get a light five times for a penny.

On July 11, 1840, Richard Holt Esq., died at his residence at Loveclough, he was belonging to a family of small property ownership and for many generations had lived their lives here in peace, away from the turmoil of the towns and cities, and of the fighting which took place in various parts of the world. He was interred at Haslingden Church. The funeral was an imposing one coming through our village, about 40 tenant farmers followed the hearse in mourning costume, then came a good number of carriages. The Vicar, Rev. William Gray officiated at the interment. He also preached the funeral sermon, and his text was - Jeremiah 17 ch, 11 verse. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not, so is he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool!" This man was never married, and was called the "old miser" because of his very mean, niggardly, and pilfering tricks. He had a habit of calling at a house when he thought he would be able to get a good dinner from some of his poor tenants. On one occasion James Crabtree caught him

milking his cows early one morning, while they were out in the meadows up the hillside. Mr. Holt begged his tenant to say nothing about it, and he would never trouble him for either rent or anything. However, as soon as he was buried - the Exors - sold Crabtree up, dish and spoon for rent. About 1842, we had a man living at our house named Richard Hudson. He was the son of Reuben Hudson, the composer, also father to John Hudson (formerly master at the Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth). Now this man got some young men and women to practice singing on Sunday nights, and this was carried on until 1846. James Riley would come sometimes with his "cello" so that everything considered, we often had a good time while we were together. We had a custom of each one choosing a tune in turn, and many a good laugh we had, when one happened to choose someone else's favourite. Our teacher was very strict in keeping correct time, so much, that when dissatisfied, he would open the door of the old case clock in order to correct us by its rhythmic tick. He was very fond of tunes in the "Minor" key, so much, that I have often seen him shed tears. He used to tell sometimes of being knocked off the stool by his father for making a mistake at nine years of age. We had a half-witted or soft person with us, nick-named, "Tommy-Oer-Fields". He had a nice soft tenor voice, and James Riley would get him to sing "Luther's hymn" as a solo, and he would accompany him on the "cello". Music copies were very scarce, so that each singer or player had to have a written copy, and if a fresh tune happened to turn up, one had almost to steal in order to have a copy. I remember some young men once breaking into the Old Wesleyan Chapel in order to get a copy of a new tune someone had brought from a distance. I began to write tunes about this time, composing and re-arranging in my leisure moments.

About the same year, (1842) there lived at Pinner, a family named Grimshaw. There was father, mother, three sons and a daughter. The old folks were very kind and would often invite us to their house at night to spend a pleasant evening in singing. The sons were in our singing class. James was a bass singer, Robert a tenor, and William sang Alto. Mary stayed at home with her parents. They all attended the Ring's Row preaching room. The Grimshaw's had some cousins at Accrington named Jellot. The old folks were farmers and they had four or five sons, all being singers. They frequently came to sing with us, then we had to visit them in return. This family was very much like the Grimshaws - all was well if they could enjoy some good music. I remember one Good Friday we had to visit the Jellots. They told us they had killed a cow, but we were not to miss going on that account. When we arrived, a good dinner was waiting for us. But the best of friends must part, and very sorry we were to hear that the Grimshaws were shortly leaving for America. James Grimshaw and his two sons, James and William, set sail on January 27, 1849. Also Robert, Mary and their mother set sail on November 15, 1849. But the father and mother did not live very long, and James the eldest son, was killed by falling from a scaffold 30 feet high in New York City. When I last heard from them, William and Mary were still living. It was about March 1901, when the last of the Jellot sons died, so I have been informed.

Near a mile from Crawshawbooth up the hill on the old coach road to and from Burnley is the small village of Goodshaw Chapel, there is only the road through, there is two public houses, an old church, an old Baptist chapel at the north end of the village, and there were also a pair of stocks. The original church dates back to the year 1542. By 1828, the Church of "All Saints and St. Mary" had got into a very decrepit state, so it was pulled down and rebuilt, also enlarged. Until about the year 1830, two very peculiar musical friends resided here. One was Thomas Healey, the organist at the church before it was rebuilt. A portion of the roof fell in, one Sunday and noon, so Tom was glad to get the Organ instead of his wages, and it was often said that whilst the parson was preaching, Tom was inside the organ examining the pipes. He removed to Burnley shortly after, and died there in 1858. Healey removed to Back Lane near the Bull and Butcher Inn, here he taught a day school for some time, but his main hobby was music. He therefore taught a good many, both Vocal and Instrumental music. He was called the "Father" of Burnley musicians; and in 1871 their respect was shown by erecting a monument from the proceeds of a grand concert held on the Cricket Field, Turf Moor, Burnley. It was held on Saturday, Aug 5, 1871, and consisted of 1,000 performers, Vocal and Instrumental, comprising the Choral Society, all the choirs of Burnley and neighbourhood, choirs of Padiham, Lowerhouse, Higham, Accrington, Sabden, Colne, Barrowford, Marsden, Lane Head, Holmes Chapel, Cornholme, Bacup, Crawshawbooth, Bury, Worsthorn, Manchester, the United Tonic Sol Fa classes of the district, the 17th Lanc. Rifle Volunteer Band, Nelson, Haggate, Bands, Burnley Hand Bells, and 4 Harmoniumists - Messrs T. Pollard of St. Peters, Hacking of St. Leonards, Padiham, Birkett, St. Mary, T. Pollard, Brunswick. The Programme consisted of 32 items, selected from the works of Handel, Mornington, Verdi, Danby, Pelton, Haydn, Stevens, Root, Seward, Bradbury, Krugh and Mozart, all the performers voluntarily gave their services and the cost of the monument was £300. The following is on the stone in Burnley Cemetery:- In Memory of Thomas Healey the Father of Burnley Musicians who died April 9th, 1858. Aged 75 years. Erected by the united choirs and musical societies of the district with the proceeds of an Open Air Memorial Festival in which 1154 Vocal and Instrumental performers took part on August 5th, 1871. The tune "Finsley" his own composition is carved on a scroll at the top of the monument. The other character who resided here, was named Simeon Spencer, he attended the Baptist Chapel a few yards beyond the church, at the Northern end of the village, which place of worship was built in 1760. He was a big noisy man, and of a commanding appearance. After he removed into Yorkshire, he often came over to show his face in the Singing Pew, and of course the leader would give him the Tune book to find the tunes (just to please him), but he would be busy all the time handing a Snuff Box round the pew, or pull out a big watch, then look straight up at the parson, to the amusement of all beholders. Whilst Simeon lived in this district, he conducted a Singing class for some time. One night whilst they were having a practice, Tom Healey's attention was arrested by the singing. From this he composed the following "Catch" entitled "Old Sye" in which he gives his opinion of Simeon's Singing Class, and for the singing of the same, Simeon has got many a quart of ale.

#### Old Sye

by Thomas Healey

1. Simon I have heard thy Singers,  
Squeaking, Squalling, Shouting, Brawling,  
Raving, Roaring, what a din,  
Enough to make one's blood run thin.

2. I compare thy snaffling choir,  
To tumults at a house on fire,  
Or to hunters in full chase,  
or riots in a market place,  
Or angry dogs or school-boys killing cats,  
Or scolding wives, or brawling brats.
3. Fie upon their dismal din,  
When I did hear it, I do declare it.  
My hair it stood upright,  
And trembling with a fright,  
Lord how my knees did smite  
Such snaffling, sneering, stamping, staring,  
Sure I thought the fools would fight.
4. Sol, Sol, Sol, Fa, Fa, Fa,  
Well done lads, Stamp, Stamp,  
Mind your time, Sol,  
Fa, Sol, Sol, Well done Old Sye.

In those days, things were very much different from what they are at the present time. Folks used to travel long distances on foot mostly over the moorlands from one valley to another. The attraction at Goodshaw was the Parish Church, and the Baptist Chapel. The singing had great attractions, as old Mr. Pilling used to say to the singers: you can get people together by your singing; so I have a chance to talk to them. The landlords at the two inns made great hospitality and welcome on Sunday's to those away from home. "Broth" was always in the diet at these times. One could have a basin-full for a penny, and bread for one halfpenny. Sometimes the parson called in, to see, for a few minutes and engage in conversation with the remnants of his congregation, then they would all proceed to afternoon service, no evening services being held. I have heard it said that on a fine Sunday in the summer, the singing at the Baptist Chapel has been heard on Cribden Hill across the valley. Certainly they used to make a great song. Those were days of earnestness. I think it was in the year 1818, they had 18 songs and choruses for one day's charity sermons, and there were 13 Bass singers, William Gadsby was twice at this place of worship. On one occasion he gave great offence by saying that if ever he came there again, he hoped they would not have all those instruments, it was more like a theatre or play-house than a place of public worship. When we consider, this would seem to be very ungrateful on his part for the loan of the building, besides augmenting the choir for the occasion, (to please him as they thought) and both wind and stringed instruments, many of them said they would not sing for him again, even his friends did not like this abrupt close.

Trade at this time (about 1842) became very depressed for a long time and people got thoroughly tired out with it, the operatives began to think the masters were the chief cause of it, then they agreed, and went about in gangs, drawing the plugs in the boilers at the various mills, and so putting out the fires, thus causing a general stoppage. But whether or not the manufacturers were to blame for the bad trade, I cannot say, but it certainly did revive shortly after

they got back to work again. During the excitement of visiting the several mills, some of the men began to loot the shops as well (being freerangers for the time) and for that act alone, many of the operatives were arrested and transported, some for as many as 14 years. I have previously mentioned about trade being bad in the Colne district, all being hand-loom weaving. I used to spin a great quantity of weft for these people, but after they stopped, the people removed to various parts of the country, and some were out of work for a long time. I have seen gangs of 6 or 8 men parading through our village street singing, and begging. I have forgotten the words they used, but the tune they sang was very solemn.

In a few years several mills were erected at Colne which found work for these people instead of at home with hand-loom.

There is another small hamlet in the Crawshawbooth district, namely Goodshawfold. We make the Friends Meeting House our starting point (1836). We walk along-side the River Lummy, pass the old mill (Bold Venture) and the two houses adjoining. There it is all meadowland on either side, and for half a mile again by the side of the river, through a small wood, the trees having been planted since 1825. Then we cross the river by a small footbridge at the spot where a small stream joins the river, and coming down a small clough which backs into the hill behind. A footpath commences here and one can follow it over the hills to Accrington. The clough is named "Gin clough," because a small "Gin" or Drying house stood at this spot for many years. Now all has disappeared. A few hundred yards away is "Kippax Mill," which previously was used as a bleach works, and belonged to a man named Duckworth, who bleached for himself and Mr. Brooks, Sunnyside. It was rebuilt about 1852, and the machinery was run by a water-wheel. The mill has since been used for the manufacture of cotton goods by various firms. Nearly a mile farther we enter the little ancient village of Goodshawfold. The first building we reach is an old farm-house abutting on the roadway, with a large old-fashioned garden sloping towards the river. Over the porch is a stone tablet with the initials carved upon it. "R.P.L.H. 1659!" This house was the residence of Col. Hargreaves, and a short distance away is another old mansion house, and was occupied by Major Hargreaves, the house is dated 1619. At these houses the "great men" of the time used to assemble, and who can tell of what was going on in those far-off days in this outlandish spot. Col. Hargreaves took a prominent part in the American War of Independence. General Scarlett (the soldier who brought such great honour to the town of Burnley, from the Crimean War) married one of the daughters of Col. Hargreaves, and the Rev. Mr. Thursby, a Church of England clergyman, married another sister. The Hargreaves family attended service at St. Peter's Church, Burnley each Sunday morning travelling on horse-back. There are two small mills, and between the two formerly stood another small mill, but has disappeared. They were all perhaps a little larger than two houses, and were known as the Top, Middle and Bottom factories. Farms are scattered over the hill-sides, and most of the cottage doors are marked "I.H. Exors!" There is a letter box but no Post Office, if anyone wanted a stamp they had to buy of the postman whilst he was delivering the

letters, and collected the outward letters at the same time. There is no Beer-house, but there has always been a goodly number who liked the Beer, (although they had to walk some distance for it) and also stop to a late hour. However, the police began to get on their track, which proved a good thing. Only a few houses have been built during the last century. The road winds backwards and forwards through the village. A gable-end corner may come on the footpath, another would show its front to the road, and still another may have the back door of the house to the road. It seems as though they were planted down as a puzzle - a kind of topsy turvy village. In the centre of the village is a well of spring water continually running. It is of stone with a man's face carved on it, and the nose is used as an outlet for the water to flow into the well. It is locally known as "Spewing Duck!" On the stone is lettered the following - "Erected by subscription by the inhabitants and the executors of the late John Hargreaves, Esq., A.D.1855" In most of the cottages one or two pigs used to be kept in the garden for home consumption. One, or two sides of bacon hung up in the house made a nice picture, and it was very handy for cutting off a slice. One road leads along the riverside as far as the Love-clough Printworks. When we came to Crawshawbooth the printworks were run by a firm called "Cooke and Unsworth!" It was during the "Corn Law" days and they were at a low ebb, so that a good many families moved away, some to America and others to various parts of the world. There were only three or four printing machines at the time. Work was scarce and little was the pay for it, with provisions dear. They were indeed hard times. When the "Corn Laws" were repealed, the work took a turn for the better. The mill worked for the greater part of a century, and later worked by the Rossendale Printing Co., and subsequently by the Calico Printers Association. Reverting to Goodshawfold, another road leads out of the village, up the hill in the opposite direction and joins the present main road at Ring's Row. Halfway up the hill a small chapel was built in 1852 by the Particular Baptist Society.

It was in the year 1842 that a division took place at the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw, (the small hamlet before mentioned) which stands upon the hill and overlooking Ring's Row. One party came to Crawshawbooth, to an upper room near the National Schools. (known later as the Mechanics Institute) These people were known as "Catheronites;" as an old woman known by the name of "Old Catherine!" who lived at Goodshawfold, attended this place. I now left the Church School and joined the choir here. After worshipping here for about five years another division took place at the Goodshaw Chapel, and finally the same party that got these people away, came to ask them to attend a meeting on a certain night, which they did, and voted the Rev. A. Nichols away from Goodshaw. This was in the summer of 1847. Mr Nichols then commenced the Baptist cause at Sunnyside, which is still carried on, while the "Catheronites" went back to Goodshaw. I also attended the Baptist Chapel until the Particular Baptist was formed. Mr. William Gadsby again visited Goodshaw, after the occasion when he gave great offence to the choir and instrumentalists, by telling them it was more like a theatre or play-house. He preached from the text - Psalm 35, the latter part of the 3rd verse

"I am thy salvation." Mr. Gadsby was the founder of the Strict or Particular Baptist Society, who finally built and settled at the little chapel in Goodshawfold, named "Rehoboth!" In the district a little above Crawshawbooth, and known as Higher Booths, near Dunnockshaw, there lived a man by name - James Maden, a hand-loom weaver and a native. He was very wild in his young days; however, he got married, and in a few years removed to Tottington near Bolton with his small family leaving behind him a debt owing to a grocer. Whilst he resided at Tottington, he was converted by the Primitive Methodists. His old friends hearing of this, sent for him to come and preach a sermon at Goodshaw Chapel. He came, and preached from a cart provided. But to his great embarrassment the grocer to whom he owed the debt was there in front of him. However, while pursuing his subject, he made a point of saying, that true religion would make a person truly honest. So that if he owed anything he would be sure to pay his debts when he was able. Here he gave the grocer a nod, and the grocer gave a nod, in return with a smile. He paid his debt as soon as convenient. Maden later removed to Gambleside and lived on a small farm, and also did a little hand-loom weaving. About the year 1843, he along with some friends, constructed a chapel out of an old barn, with a gallery and later had an organ, I believe these people had many joyful times. After a few years studying the Scriptures he thought they ought to baptise, this they did, and so became a Baptist Chapel. For many years he had no salary for preaching, except that now and then a friend would give him a sixpence or a shilling, for at that time everyone was very poor, and the parson was like Paul, labouring with his own hands, on the land, and at the looms. When he had been preaching seven years, a member made a pair of shoes, and presented them to him. He said later, these shoes were the best he ever had. In 1844, the parson got into rather hot water, owing to a Calvinist sending him a text to preach from at Carr, Dean. After the sermon they came to a high "pitch in," calling names on both sides - nor was the contest over that day, but was carried on for some time through the Press. A man named George Hitchin first sent a pamphlet in verse in great praise of the sermon. This was a true signal for an attack, and many were ready with replies. George Exton, Ring's Row, sent out his "Gideon's Lamp!" John Pickup, Crawshawbooth, in reply sent out his "Despised Israelite," and "yet" loved." Then George Hitchin, replied, with his "Light to illuminate the Lamp!" in reply to this George Exton, issues his "Lamp trimmed with God's truth" - Thomas Collings, Cowpe, made a reply to the sermon. John Heliwell also sent out his "Vindication of God's truth" and several others were published that I did not see. So that all these things created a certain amount of ill-feeling on both sides. In the year 1866, these Gambleside Baptists removed to a new building by the roadside, it is a School-Chapel, that is, it is used for both a day and Sunday school as well as the Church services. It stands on the top of a small hill on the main road and halfway between Dunnockshaw and Clowbridge. It is known locally as "Top 'ot 'Brow." After Mr. Maden died they had no settled minister.

Not far from Dunnockshaw, up the hillside stands a farm, and named Bank Farm. This was occupied by a man named Peter Pickup, he worked the Hambleton coal mine, and he it was who built the Dunnockshaw Mill in 1840, but did not live to see it commence working (as previously stated) for he was killed in his stone quarry on Friday, April 8, 1842. His son took his place in working the mine,

but in a few years Mr. T. Brooks, (later first Baron Crawshaw) went into partnership at the mine, and the firm was known as Brooks and Pickup. Old Peter was a cunning sort of man, he always kept a gun by his bedside, perchance anyone should disturb his sweet repose. However, one night he heard a noise in the house. The old man went down the stairs, gun in hand, expecting to meet the burglars. He called out, "who's there," once, twice, three times. Immediately a calf "bawled" out. Peter cried, "Eh! Aw've shot caur've!" As was the case with most old farmhouses, a passage led from the house into the shippon or cowshed, and somehow the calf, being loose, had wandered about and got into the house. Well, Tom Healey, Organist at Goodshaw Church, got hold of this story, and made a "catch or ditty" but Peter went and paid Tom a sum of money not to let it come out, for he did not want the "Cove" being sung round the country-side like "Old Sye" had been. Peter in his young days had an ambition to be a singer, but would not go through the regular process. He therefore got a book to teach himself, but when he came to sing with others he was lost, not knowing his own voice, so that ended his theory.

In 1844 I went on a visit to my Uncle Robert Heap at Oldham. (It was the Wakes) On the Saturday I walked over Rooley Moor, having only 6/- in my pocket when I left home. My Uncle kept a Beerhouse at Mumps, and the name of it was - "Who could a thought it!" On Sunday morning a trip was going to Liverpool and I decided to go. The fare was 3/-, and I put my wits to work as to how I could spread out the remaining 3/- for the best. However, my Uncle gave a start by cutting me a big slice of beef and two navvies slices of bread. Well, after spending the day in Liverpool on sight-seeing, I got a night's lodgings at a Beer-house for 4d but the next morning, nearly spent up, I durst not ask for breakfast, afraid they would want all my remaining stock of money, before I could return home. However, I got back to Uncle's and stayed all night, then returned on Tuesday morning over Rooley Moor to Crawshawbooth. I was always pleased to visit Uncle Robert, but something went wrong, some unpleasantness in the family, and he went to America in 1846. My father heard of Uncle's intended journey to America, and wishing to see him, left home at 12 Noon, walked over Rooley Moor which is a distance of upward of 20 miles. On his arrival at Oldham, my Uncle had just gone. He set sail on May 17, 1846. The family wished father to stay all night, but he declined and returned back over Rooley Moor, arriving home at midnight. Uncle stayed in America 8 years, but being no scholar he lost money by signing his hand to paper that he did not really understand. He was very fond of fishing and shooting. He told me afterwards that he had been many a time up to his waist in the Hudson River fishing, after the sun had set, thereby breaking up his constitution. When he came back, he stayed a few months at our house in the year 1855, then he returned to his family in Oldham. He died at Christmastide in 1836, and was about 50 years of age. My father attended his funeral. On Saturday, October 12, 1844, a grand procession of all the trades took place in Crawshawbooth, Men were in uniform and banners were flying with great splendour. It was called the Crawshaw-booth Guild, and they were celebrating the marriage of Mr. John Brooks of Crawshaw Hall. One Sunday in the summer of 1845, my sister "Betty" and James Haworth, were married at Haslingden Church. In 1845 I thought I had

a gift for poetry, which was brought out in this way. At the entrance of the Old Bridge Mill was a small room containing a desk, where weft accounts were kept, and here the boys would often try their hand at penmanship. This time I wrote my name, Moses Heap: To this John Hudson replied, "Has written the above, very neat and cheap!" In reply to this one morning I wrote the following -

Pray John, lend an ear and do not forbere,  
To hear the advice I'm going to rehearse,  
I say now to you, you'd make some good rhyme,  
If you'd get by yourself and just take your time,  
You said I had written the above, neat and cheap,  
With pen and with ink, to write Moses Heap.

In my young days I spent many a pleasant hour at a farmhouse named "New Laithe," about a mile beyond Loveclough, there lived the family of Hudson, generations of which had been in the forefront of everything musical in the surrounding districts. It was occupied by a man named George Hudson, he it was who brought milk down into Crawshawbooth, (previously mentioned 1836 to 1840). The house was a musical depot, as well as a Calvinistic hot-bed. He was a great lover of music, and had various kinds of musical instruments. There I could hear two pianos played at the same time, also one or two violins. Those were grand times. I was truly pleased to hear the son George playing the piano on one side of the house and sister Esther playing one on the opposite side. I have never walked the highway since those days without looking across at the old place, but alas all their voices and instruments are silent, and gone to join the majority, most of them lie at rest in the little graveyard at Goodshawfold. The father and two sons (George and Richard) quarried the stone, and built the Rehoboth Chapel in 1852. Matty, the old mother, was a nice pleasant woman. She would often press me to take porridge with them. She always came down to Crawshawbooth on Saturday afternoon with new butter for her customers, and always appeared neat and clean. Divine service was often conducted in this house by William Gadsby, Mr. John Kershaw and others, before the Ring's Row preaching room was commenced. Also, I think on one occasion there were ten persons baptised at "New Laithe!" Mr. Gadsby was there one Whitsuntide and intended going home by the stage coach, but when he reached the highway the coach had just gone. So he pulled off his coat, and carried it on his arm for the day was very hot, and he walked all the way to Manchester. On the way he came in contact with a man, after a time they got worked up into a little strift, the other man refreshed himself with Porter, but Mr. Gadsby kept to water, but long before he reached Manchester he had left the man far behind with his Porter (Particulars of the Hudson Family at the end)

At this time a man and his wife lived in one of the houses at Crow Trees a short way down the street. John Pickup was his name, and his wife was called Faith, they kept a little shop and sold everything it was possible to do, the same as all village shops did in those days. John, being a poet, composed a verse to put on a sign over his door. The four or five

of us boys volunteered to do the painting, and the lettering. The sign was about four feet long, with a green ground, and red letters shaded with white. The following is the verse we put on -

"We make you quite welcome, to call here and stop,  
Till you rest and refresh you, with Black Beer and Pop,  
Or have some good Coffee, Bread, Butter and Tea.  
If you get none, of course, we let you go free!"

(I have seen lots of people stop and copy it)

This man when a boy - lived in Goodshaw Lane, and his mother baked Oat-cake, and John went round to sell, calling out "Soft cake!" he was known by that "nick-name" till the day of his death. When he got to man's estate, (he served his apprenticeship to "Block-printing," which was a good trade then) He married his wife from Sabden, near Padiham, but they had no children. John attended the Catheronites aforementioned, and was my teacher. He was a very quiet and inoffensive man and an affectionate teacher. He could keep the attention and love of his scholars. I have seen many a sly trick done in their shop at night. Sometimes a boy would be eating a cake of parkin and moving one finger all the time, or else have to pay for the parkin. Faith another time would be boiling toffee on the fire, when a party of boys would come in and buy the lot when it was only half-boiled, then she would have to start afresh. On another occasion a number of apples would be put in a mug full of water on the tables, and the boys had to catch one each in their mouth before they could have them. On Sunday nights a discussion class met in a small room in John's house. It consisted of about 18 members, each one paying a fee of one penny for light and fire. Any other person could attend to listen for the same fee. Subjects were - "Moral" or "Religious" which were chosen for the following week. The person choosing the subject being allowed ten minutes for introduction. Some persons thought that this class was tainted with infidelity, but it was not, as far as I am aware or heard. One of its formost members was George Calvert, a Quaker. He was keen as a lawyer, and could see both sides of the subject, and if one side was weak, in his dry humour he would pass over to the other side. No one was allowed to say they had beaten their opponent on going away, as the class was carried on for improvement and not for victory. After Pickup died, the sign was taken down, and the shop was next occupied by Tom Gee, a native. He sold hot black peas with plenty of soup, (it was very common for folks to go to Tom's with a jug or basin for a penny-worth of soup) he also sold tripe, cow heel, and black puddings. On a Friday night, he came now and again to the door and shouted out "Peas all hot!" After the mills had stopped the little shop which was a part of the living room of the house, was soon crowded with customers, as well as all the chairs and couch all occupied with people busily eating their choice, and with a good bright fire burning in the grate. It was a very welcome sight for anyone outside and looking through the small-paned window. During the two days of the fair, a son attended to a stall on the front of the shop where there was a very ready sale, hung up on the stall was the legend "Pig and Whistle Hotel!" One day the shop was visited by Superintendent Harrop of Bacup (the police supervision was directed from that town, the centre of Rossendale at that time). He came to examine the scales and weights. Looking round the walls he saw an oil painting, on which were two donkeys, and underneath was the inscription,

"When shall we three meet again!" The "Super" said to Mrs Gee, "I only see two donkeys, where is the other one. "Mrs Gee said - "Beg your pardon, Mr. Harrop, but you are the other one!" Now they are all gone, and the two shops and the two houses were removed about 1901, to make way for larger and modern shops.

The Crawshawbooth Choral Society commenced at the National School in November 1845, consisting of about 40 members, meeting once a week for practice, from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. On Good Friday, 1846, a grand selection was performed from the above "Great Masters" with a choir of 60 performers. (Crawshawbooth Choral Society). The principals were; Richard Hacking esq of Bury, 1st Violin and leader, Dr. Wild of Burnley, 2nd Violin; Mr. James Openshaw of Bury, "Cello;" Mr. Sellers of Burnley, "Cello;" Mr. Tom Bradley of Accrington, Bass, Miss Parry of Manchester, Soprano, Mr. John Ashworth of Liverpool, Tenor, Mr. Mellor of Oldham, Bass. The Concert was considered to be of the "first water!" Mr. Hacking was of the firm of Walker & Hacking, machine makers. Hacking always had some musical friends working for him, so that he could have a practice at short notice. Openshaw was a "first class" performer on the "Cello;" and at this time was a surprise to all in his accompaniment of the "Recit" by bringing out harmonies almost like an Organ. On one occasion Hacking and a few friends agreed to make Openshaw drunk, then to call a Concert and agreeing to make certain modulations contrary to copy. But their trick was a failure, for whatever they did, he always kept with them. This Society was dissolved on July 17, 1851.

In 1846 I attended the Primitive Methodist charity sermons at Irwell Vale. We always met during the morning to practice the tunes and choruses, for afternoon and evening services. At that time the Society had no chapel, but they had the woollen mill kindly lent for the occasion. It was a long room and used as a store-room, so, for the better appearance at the sermons it was hung round with woollen pieces. This was a "Red Letter" day at Irwell Vale. Sunday turned out fine and warm, and the usual "processioning" was carried out before the service. The girls all dressed in white, sat in a rising gallery made for the occasion. The orchestra consisted of violins, clarionets, trombones, "Cello" and basses. They had some rapid singing here; neither in the tunes nor the choruses was any power lost, but all kept up to double forti. The room was very hot, almost to suffocation, but in order to balance this, three persons were appointed to go round, each with a jug, one with ale, another with pop, and another with water, beginning at the bottom row, one behind another, until they reached the top. This going round with jugs, often caused many to smile, but it was truly needful, as everyone in the room could see. I visited Irwell Vale eleven years in succession, through my Uncle "Sam Lord," who was one of the "Cello" players.

The Railway was opened from Bury to Rawtenstall, on September 26th, 1846.

It was named the East Lancashire Railway, and later became the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway.

August 1846. One bright Sunday morning, my friend Richard Hudson and myself, (with two Welshmen who lodged with my friend) we had been chatting about the River Irwell, and they expressed a desire to see the Springs where the river rises, they had some beautiful rivers in Wales and would like to see if the Lancashire rivers were equal to them. They were working at Sunnyside in sinking a well, so we took them at the first opportunity. It was a lovely morning, all vegetation seemed to be at its best. Seeing the herbs growing by the wayside, the men could hardly think to leave a sprig behind them. However, we arrived at Deerplay Inn, then we crossed the meadow behind about 200 yards to the Springs. After viewing the place over, the "testing" time came, but they did not do as a "teetotaller" would have done. Oh no. They pulled a bottle of rum from a pocket, then after mixing an equal quantity of this with water, they declared they had never tasted such "tackle" in their life before. But if the truth must be told, I believe the rum was the most prized.

For a good many years till about this time, a man named Dick Limer, I do not know what his real name was, but he was always known as Dick Limer of Hambleton, he had about a score of Lime Gals (young horses) he employed them for carrying lime on their back from Clitheroe, and which was supplied to farmers in this district, both in the valleys and the hill-tops, as the Gals were able to go where there was only a foot track, and not to go only by cart roads, just in the same manner as the mules in Spain. It is from this man that the lane above Clowbridge bears the name, "Limer Lane!" It comes down one side of the hill, crosses the road, and up the other hill. On one occasion Dick's sheep had been trespassing on another man's land, the other man says, "Dick, A'wl mend thi" - Dick says. "Tha may mend mi, but tha'd find id a greit deol yezzier to mek a new won!" The man meant that Dick was going to be in trouble if he did not look after his sheep.

At Loveclough, was the residence for generations of the Holt family, the death of Richard Holt Esq., on July 11, 1840 (previously mentioned) now an ancestor of Holt in the 18th century, had a farm labourer named Joseph Piccop (Pickup). He was born, lived, and died at Loveclough. He had a wife and six children, and some of his descendants are living in the district at the time I write. He was baptised and sent out to preach by David Crossley. After Crossley's death in 1744, Pickup became the minister at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Bacup, as Crossley's successor. At that time very few places of Worship could afford a minister of their own, as all were very poor, hence, ministers had a great deal of travelling to do. Many a time after walking 20 to 30 miles, he would perhaps have 2/- or 2/6 for his services. One day, Pickup had half an acre, (Lancashire measure) to mow, and when he had done the job, he walked all the way to Manchester, and preached to a

large congregation at night. Once while a big storm was raging, his master said to him, "Don't you think the world is going to come to an end?" He replied, "No, for the Lord has put his bow in the clouds to show that he would not again destroy the world by a flood!" But said the questioner, "Don't you think he has forgotten?" Pickup was much in request at "Cold House Chapel" Tib-street, Manchester, which at that time was the only place of worship (Baptist) and members had to come from this place to Bacup, to be baptised by him. ("Cold House Chapel" was demolished in 1900) Mr. Pickup often went to London on a begging tour, and a good many anecdotes are told of these visits to the city. One morning after preaching he was invited by a certain lady to dinner, Mr. Pickup, having previously been engaged, begged to be excused. The lady urged her invitation, again and again, and at last said he must go, and she would show him such a rarity as he had never seen. Obtaining a release from his other engagement he complied. He dined with the father and mother, and twelve sons, the eldest was only twelve years old, and youngest was six, they were six couples of twins, born of the same mother, without any birth between, before or after. Mr. Pickup at times preached against the prevailing fashions and customs of the world. He took the liberty too so in London, particularly against the dress of ladies. The following day a lady who had heard him, sent him some muslin and a pair of scissors desiring he would be so kind as to cut her a gospel cap, Mr. Pickup was compelled though mortified, to acknowledge his inability. Being engaged to preach for the first time at a certain chapel in the city, he arrived at the vestry and sat him down as an unknown stranger. It should be remembered that Mr. Pickup did not make a very genteel appearance. He carried little of the parsonic dignity of some of our modern preachers, in his exterior. The time appointed for the service approached and several people came into the vestry. After some time of waiting for the preachers arrival they began to express their fears of disappointment, Mr. Pickup suffered their patience to be fairly well tried, and then, after inquiring if the hour had come, arose and ascended the pulpit, to the no small astonishment and disgust of the congregation. Their behavior at the commencement of the service betrayed their uneasiness and disapprobation. After prayer they appeared a little more reconciled to the preacher. Before he read his text, which on that occasion was Amos, ch 3, verse 12, it is reported that he spoke to the following effect: "That there is nothing very inviting in my outward appearance is evident to all, and whether or not there is anything within that will be more engaging is not for me to say, but of that you will be better able to judge for yourselves presently. However, such as I have, I give, I will set before you two legs and a piece of an ear. This sermon had a great effect. A gentleman who had been pleased with the discourse in thanking Mr. Pickup, hinted, however, that he had exceeded the usual time, saying that he ought to have noticed his watch. Mr. Pickup in his rustic simplicity, informed him that he'd never had a watch in his life, upon which the gentleman drew his watch from his pocket and presented it to him, declaring he should not be without any longer. Such was his popularity in London, that a congregation would have assembled at 5 o'clock in the morning to hear him. One time when appointed to preach early, he felt himself at a loss for a subject almost to the hour. He fixed at last upon Isaiah, ch. 40, verses 1 and 2, and experienced an uncommon degree of liberty in speaking. His address was scarcely half finished when the time allowed was spent; but when he hinted at concluding he was audibly called by several persons to proceed.

He did so, and held the congregation for the greater part of another hour to their great satisfaction. When he came down into the vestry, the minister of the church charged him with theft. "What have I stolen," asked Mr. Pickup. "I have," said the minister, "been studying that text you have preached from, for a considerable time and you have stolen my ideas, but I thank God you have led me further into the meaning of it, than I could ever discover before!" Joseph Pickup died of cancer in 1772. He was about 70 years of age, and was interred inside the Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Bacup.

At this time, quaint notices used to be given out, either in or outside the places of worship. The following is a copy of one that was read out at St. Mary's Church, Goodshaw. "This is to give Notice that there will be a fair and open sale on Thursday next, at the house of George Hey, of Ta Top, of household furniture, beds and bedding; one pair of very good broad looms, one spinning Jenny, all under 20/- ready money. All above, time will be fixed on the day of sale. July 12, 1801!" A copy of this was in the vestry. A notice way hung over each door of Goodshaw Church, (inside) "Please take off your pattens. 1846!" In those years lady's pattens were in fashion. It was a sort of iron ring that lifted the shoes from off the ground and were used in rough and wet weather, so that the shoes would be kept dry.

Early in the year 1847, great dissatisfaction arose about the payment of Church rates and Easter dues, and at the Easter Vestry meeting at Goodshaw, a great uproar took place. The Vicar of Goodshaw, the Rev. Henry Haworth, the Wardens and Sidesmen as well as the audience, got so excited about it that they were almost fighting. Mr. John Brooks (brother to the 1st Baron Crawshaw) took the books relating thereto, and said that anyone paying him a shilling, he would stand all the consequences for them, as going to law had been mentioned. Mr. Haworth shortly afterwards removed to St. Mary's Church, Rawtenstall, but these rates were abolished before his removal.

On Sunday, October 17th 1847, the Rev. William Gray, the Vicar of Haslingden, (the clergyman who buried Richard Holt, of Loveclough, in July 1840) committed suicide by drawing a razor across his throat. This caused a great sensation throughout the district, for he was a man who was very highly esteemed, and one whom great numbers of people looked to for instruction or advice. He had attended the morning service in the church, then about 2 o'clock in the afternoon he did the awful deed in front of the bedroom window, in his shirt sleeves. His Bible was lying on a table nearby and was open at the 88th Psalm, which I suppose goes to describe the state of his mind at the time. There were several smaller churches under Haslingden Church. Consequently a portion of the money went to Mr. Gray from Christenings, Marriages, and Funerals. Easter dues and Church Rates from Goodshaw, went along with the rest to Haslingden, but had been abolished a little before Mr. Grays death. During his life he had been a man of great popularity, for several years he was a magistrate, and sat of the bench with Mr. William Turner, a large manufacturer of Helmshore and I daresay Mr. Gray would have to sanction many

things that he did not like.

Several times a week coming through the village were a score or more wagons close behind one another. It was a treat to see them, as much as to see a train; we called them the "Colne Fleet," as they started from that town. They all received and delivered goods on their journey. Some waggoners rode on ponies alongside them. It was very common to see small carts drawn by dogs, sometimes as many as three or four going from town to town, mostly at fair times. The dogs were very much abused and ill-fed, consequently a stop was put to them being used for any work of this kind, but it is still to be seen on the continent.

In this year 1847, Professor Richardson of Halifax, gave a course of six lectures at the National Schools, on "Great Discoveries and Inventions;" he said the time would come, when it would be as common to ask for our wings as it was to ask for our boots, which prophecy has come very near the mark in our day.

The ten hours per day bill was passed this year and for a while we did not know how to pass our time away, beforetime it had been all "Bed and Work;" now, in place of 70 hours a week, it was reduced to 55½ hours, Cricket and Football became the most popular sport of the day.

Crawshaw Hall was occupied by old Mr. John Brooks. He had three sons, Marshall John, and Thomas (the last named became the 1st Lord Crawshaw). There was also a sister, who died young, and was interred at Prestwich Church, and a grand monument is placed over her grave. Her father was interred there a few years later. Richard Hudson and myself visited this spot on September 14, 1851. Mr. Brooks was a great pushing man of business. He used to say that he would rather have a quick sixpence than a slow shilling. He had about 300 Block Printer's at one time. The Rakefoot Mill was built for block printing, and was filled up in every part. The old block shop was filled with tables; besides he would put half a dozen tables wherever it was possible. There were only six or seven machines. When trade was good he often had both night and day shifts working. A printer used to live in the next house to ours. He was once on the night shift so long that one day he got out of bed in a dream, dressed himself, and went to work. When he got there the other men thought he looked strange, and they found that he was asleep, so they had to waken him. This shows how the men were liable to be upset in their rest. At this time there were monthly payments. The Printer's, Block Cutters, and Engravers, were all getting plenty of money, but all the other workers were badly paid. Some of the three branches put a little by for a rainy day, but others of the same set were careless, and spent all they got which caused Mr. Brooks to have to keep "subbing" them, that is, to advance

them a sum of money before the pay-day. Sometimes they would be two or three months (with so much "subbing") before all their "debts" were straightened out, for when he paid them, they would drink again and spend all up. At these times drinking and fighting always went hand in hand. There were always a great deal of chaffing amongst the three trades, and some of their tricks were very daring. During their drinking moments, for instance, a man would light his pipe with a £5 note, keeping the number under his thumb, another would go round asking his friends to take a pinch of snuff from a £5 note, while an Engraver would call out, "is there any old Black Printer here that will take the Butt-end of my cigar!" but a good many of them have had to wait since that time, which was certain considering the way the wages were spent, Mr. Brooks had a very good wife. He would jokingly say that he was sure to be right, for he was all for this world, and his wife was all for the next. One Sunday morning on his way to Goodshaw Church, he was John Heys in front of the Old Wesleyan Chapel. He called at the top of his voice, "John you must get those pieces ready in the morning."

In the year 1830, there was a strike at the Sunnyside Printworks, which was settled in 1831. Soldier were brought to the village, and billeted in the old building near the river and the bridge and afterwards known as the "Old Barracks!" For many years a portion of the basement was used as a wheel-wright, when the St. John's Church was the built, the block of buildings was removed and trees are now growing over the spot, whilst the strike mason, both strikers and knob-sticks were drinking. Both sides met and a row took place between them, the knob-sticks were badly beaten; consequently Mr. Brooks brought the strikers to court by a summons. At that time the court was held at the Commercial Inn, Haslingden, there being no court either at Rawtenstall or Bacup. When the trials were over, Mr. Brooks was returning home over Cribden Hill to Sunnyside, but the mob followed him, and he took shelter in a house known by the name of "Spout House" that stands on the old road from Haslingden to Rawtenstall. In order to escape from this house, he sent a boy with a can containing a letter, and giving the boy instructions to take it to the watchman at Sunnyside, "so as to make the mob think the boy was going for milk!" In due course the soldiers arrived from Crawshawbooth and were thus able to liberate Mr. Brooks. On one occasion a boy came from Goodshaw Chapel asking him for work. Mr. Brooks said, "My boy, what is your name?" The boy replied, "Henry O'Annis " O Harry's " O'Milly's " O'Richard's " O'John's " O'Dicks at top o'th' ginnel up steps o'er top O'Josephs " O'John's " O'Steens. Of course, I daresay that Mr. Brooks smiled as he answered, "Well, my lad, you must see me again in the morning!" The next morning the boy appeared before Mr. Brooks, who had a party of gentlemen with him. "Now, Mi lad, what is your name?" The boy repeated it to the no small amusement of the party. "Well, my boy" said Mr. Brooks, "you must see Mr. Sharples and he will give you a job!"

A former owner of the Sunnyside Estate was one Mr. Marriot, a quaker, from Marsden, He worked a small woollen mill, where later the printworks stood.

This man sent his son, Jonathan (aged about 20 years) to America on business. Whilst he was away, his father died, and when he came back he had lost all claim to his father's estate. After our family removed to Crawshawbooth in 1836, this Jonathan often came to our house to see an old oak writing desk that formerly belonged to his father at Sunnyside, and which had an engraving of his father inside the panelled doors. He always begged our folks not to pull that off as long as it would keep on. This Jonathan appeared to be about 70 years of age when I first saw him, a big stout man, in full Quaker costume and having a great resemblance of his father in the engraving.

The Railway was opened from Bury to Accrington 1848. The Railway passenger traffic, from Rawtenstall to Waterfoot was opened, March 2, 1848.

The Rev. J.M. Mather of Rawtenstall, in his "Rambles round Rossendale," Vol 2, called me an old Deaner, although I was born at Doals, over the hill, and came to reside amongst them at four years of age. When I was about 20 I came in contact with all the members for a good number of years, and I was acquainted with several generations of its singers. On looking over my diary I find that at Water school, on May 19, 1847, a selection of music was given from "Judas Maccabeas" and the "Te Deum". Also at the Mechanics Institute, Bacup, on Good Friday, 1849, Handel's "Messiah" was performed, and at the house of John Hargreaves at Newchurch, the night before Good Friday, in 1849, a selection was taken from "Judas Maccabeas" and the "Messiah." I also attended a performance at the same house on December 31, 1849. At the Water school, January 5, 1850. Handel's "Te Deum" was performed. Now at these gatherings no great singers were engaged, they were simply meetings of old musical friends, chiefly those known by the name, "Deign Layrocks." These notable singers worshipped at the Baptist Chapel, Lumb, and to see Lumb at its best was to be there on the second Sunday in June, a date well known throughout Rossendale. On this day crowds came from far and near. We first hear of them in 1745, when John Nuttall and his friends began to meet in each others houses to practise music. Shortly afterwards he began to preach. Then they built a chapel at Lumb. But in 1760 they removed to Goodshaw, as this place was more central for the surrounding villages. John Nuttall was minister here for 45 years and died in the year 1792, aged 76 years. He was the honoured instrument of gathering and establishing this church, in which he laboured 45 years with diligence and success.

"Dear friends, farewell, my race is run,  
I've fought the battle of the Lord;  
My foes are slain, my work is done,  
And I receive the free reward.  
May love and peace preside with you,  
And reign in all your works and ways,  
And when you bid the world adieu,  
With me you'll see your Savior's face!"

Another of our company, named George Hudson met with an accident which caused his death. He was the carder at Sliven Clod Mill, (Top factory) Goodshawfold. The machinery was run by a water-wheel. On January 17, 1849, he was in the act of speeding up a frame. He was by himself in the room, and had some roping ready to wind on the drum above. After drawing a little water on the wheel, he began to guide the rope on the drum, and some of it got entangled with his legs, winding him up. When he was found, he was revolving round the shafting which was only six inches from the roof. He died February 27, 1849, and was buried at the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw. He was a son of John Hudson formerly manufacturer at Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth.

Pilling Mill, a small shoddy factory and situated half-way between Goodshawfold and Loveclough Printworks was burnt down, August 16, 1850. The window tax was abolished, July 24, 1851. On October 18, 1851, Mr. Thomas Brooks of Crawshaw Hall was married. This was a grand affair. They returned home after a month's honeymoon. All the mills in the district ceased work, in order that the operatives might give them a hearty welcome. The Sunnyside Printworks employees walked in procession towards Rawtenstall, to meet them, with bands of music and banners flying.

During the Chartist days, I went on Deerplay Moor to hear Earnest Jones. Also to Burnley about the same time to hear Fergus O'Connor, both well-known Chartists.

The East Lancashire (L & Y.R.) opened from Waterfoot to Bacup, 1852, and passenger traffic, October 1, 1852.

On February 4, 1852, a great flood occurred at Holmfirth during the night time, by the bursting of a reservoir. A man who was on the look-out, mounted a horse and rode as fast as he could to warn the people, about 80 persons lost their lives.

The Duke of Wellington died September 14, 1852, and was interred at St. Paul's Cathedral, November 18, 1852. It was on Whit-Sunday, May 13, 1852, that Richard Hudson of Crow-trees and myself, paid a visit to Stonyhurst. Neither of us had been there before. The morning was beautiful, and we made a start at 5 a.m. over the hills, the distance is about 14 miles each way, and every yard had to be walked, no chance of a lift from a passing conveyance in those days. We reached Whalley in good time, while walking down the street we met an old Crawshawbooth native (Gilbert Gill by name) he took us to his house, and in a short time a good breakfast was placed before us, to which we did full justice. After an hour's rest, we did the remainder of our walk to Stonyhurst, and was just in time for morning service at 10.30. On entering the yard, our attention was drawn at once to the procession, which was led by an old monk, with his bald head and long pig-tail, then followed several priests, then came 24 young men in surplices,

and red skirts, what a show, I thought to be sure. But the best part was when the splendid organ pealed forth the melodious strains of Mozart's 12th mass, On hearing this, I felt satisfied that I might hear a part at least to our satisfaction, for I had been practicing it for some time, and to my mind, I think, would be a long way in advance of all the Mummery and Tingling of bells. A Mr. Woods was the Organist, the choir consisted of about 40 students (all male singers) and what a choir of powerful voices, what splendour and show, and tingling of bells, surely I thought if religion depended on all this king of Rig-a-mi-jig, they would have a splendid chance, while many of us would be left a long way in the rear. Anyone wishing to see a theatrical performance should visit this place. But little sympathy is shown to strangers, for we had to pay silver at the door, and a collection was made inside the building, also we never got to sit down, so we could please ourselves whether we stood up or knelt down on one knee all the time. They did not know how far we had walked, and if they had, I don't think it would have made much difference. On our departure the organ struck up a powerful voluntary, which sounded like so many peals of thunder, enough to make one crouch down whilst passing underneath the organ loft, as if in reality.

The "Rehoboth" chapel, Goodshawfold, was built this year (1852) as a tablet over the door states, and the little graveyard on the front is now full although there has been a small extension. The stone for the building was quarried and carted to the spot by George Hudson, farmer, at New Laithe farm, Dunnockshaw (and previously mentioned) and his two sons George and Richard, they both became very prominent in the musical world. The chapel was a branch of the "Particular or Strict" Baptist Society.

In my younger days I was fond of copying epitaphs when on rambles. Here are a few of the best collected.

In the Baptist Churchyard, Goodshaw -

"Richard Hudson, who died April 7th, 1775. Aged 61 years

My body lies interred here,  
My soul is gone, if you'd know where,  
'Tis to be banished from God's face,  
Unless salvation's all of grace.  
But if salvation work is done  
And sinner's sav'd by grace alone,  
God will have glory thus you see,  
By saving guilty sinful me.

Here is another from the same yard -

John Nuttall lies here and that's enough,  
The candle is out, also the snuff,  
His soul's with God, you need not fear,  
And what remains is interred here.

He died November 24th 1766. Aged 39 years.

From the same yard -

Alice Maden of Nutshaw, who died 27.2.1836. Aged 25 years.

Behold young man as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I,  
As I am now, so you must be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me.

From the same yard -

In affectionate Remembrance of Hannah, the Beloved wife of William Lant, of Parsonage Terrace, Crawshawbooth, who departed this life, August 12th 1890, at Gedney Hill, Lincolnshire, in her 50th year.

How suddenly life's thread was broke,  
No sentence from my lips was spoke,  
I had not time to say Good-bye,  
Only a farewell sob, and sigh.

In a garden at Edge End, Rawtenstall -

Sacred to the Memory of Thomas Haworth, Edge End, who departed this life the 11th day of October 1800, in the 66 year of his age.

By sudden death I'm snatch'd away,  
Death scarcely left me time to say,  
The lord have mercy on my soul,,  
So absolute is his control,  
Reflect when thou my grave dost see,  
The next that's made may be for thee.

It is said that the person named in this epitaph, was sit on a gate behind the house, when he fell off dead.

In Haslingden Churchyard -

In memory of James Kemp, of Haslingden, Blacksmith, who died March 21st 1812. Aged 61 years.

My anvil and hammer has declin'd,  
My bellows too have lost their wind;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
And in the dust my vice is laid,  
My coals are spent, my irons gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done.

From the same yard -

To the memory of Giles Entwistle, of Tod-Hall, who died the 21st day of February, 1836. Aged 54 years.

This world's a city full of crooked streets,  
And death's the market-place, where all men meet,  
If life was merchandise, that men could buy,  
The rich would live, and none but poor would die.

From the same yard -

The rose is red, the grass is green,  
Remember me, when I was seen.

Underneath this stone rest the earthly remains of John Crankshaw, who departed this life on the 6th day of April 1812. Aged 34 years.

John Crankshaw was my name,  
England was my Nation,  
Oakenhead wood my dwelling place,  
And heaven is my Salvation.  
Now I am dead, and in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotten,  
Look on this stone, you'll find my name,  
When I am quite forgotten.

Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Bacup

Mary Harrison who departed this life, Dec. 21st 1818 in the 109th year of her age. She lived the last 18 years of her life, in the family of James Maden of Green's and nursed his children, the youngest after she was 102 years old.

The following lines were cut on a stone for James Ingham (Old Jim O'Bohs) of the White Lion, near Rawtenstall about the year 1845, and was intended to be placed over his grave in the Churchyard of St. Mary's, Rawtenstall, but the Vicar, newly arrived from All Saints, Goodshaw (Rev. H. Haworth M.A.) would not consent.

Man's life is like a winter's day,  
Some only breakfast and away,  
Others to dinners, stop and are full fed,  
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.  
Long is his life who lingers out the day,  
Who goes the soonest has the lead to pay,  
Tho I ow'd much, I hope long trust is given,  
And truly mean to pay all debts in heaven.

On Monday Dec. 27, 1852, I purchased a Table Piano from Mrs Haworth of Hawthorn House, for £5.0.0. and which I had for about seven years.

On the following Monday a Friend of mine (Thomas Barnes, Blind Tom) from Haslingden, arrived at our house by 8.0 a.m. to tune the piano, I said, "Tom, how have you got here so early this morning?" for the days were very short, and there had been a fall of snow. "Oh," he said, "I got behind a cart at Kirk Hill Bar coming on to Rawtenstall!" Tom was the organist at Haslingden Parish Church and of Accrington, but lived at Haslingden. Some wonderful things have been written about him in pamphlet form by William Lee, the Evangelist. When he'd had some breakfast, I had to hold the candle for him (or rather for myself as I could not see in the dark) he wanted me to assist him, and do the things according to Tom's instructions. Then at night we had a few invited friends in the house by way of footing. We sang several choruses, but in one chorus we several times got at variance with each other, and not knowing where it was, but Tom told the bar where we got across with each other, and all went smoothly after that. I have often thought if a person is deficient in one sense, it is generally made up to him in another, or it forces

other things into play instead lying dormant. Now there were about 20 persons in the house, and whilst we were chatting, someone says to Tom, "How many persons are there in this room?" Tom says, "Well, let me look round!" then he made a guess and was only one from the mark. Not a bad guess when we consider that there was one person who hadn't been heard to speak since he came into the room. Tom was a very proficient player on the clarionet, flute, or hand bells, as well as the organ or piano. He only remained a few years, organist at Haslingden Parish Church, after Mr. Gray, the late Vicar, committed suicide in 1847, the living was his for life, but when they began to abuse him, he would not stop. He had a pair of hand-loom at home which he worked in his spare moments, or sometimes he would be doing some heald-knitting. In his youth he worked at the Oak Printworks, and could pick out the different colours in print, or even the colour on the back of a cow. He frequently stayed at our house all night, often asking if any new tunes were afoot. When I had played one over a few times, he would say - let me try now, and would play the piece right through, for he was quick in memorising anything that was new. If anyone should ask him what the time was, he would pull out his watch, and tell the time to a minute. I asked him why he carried a lantern, he said, "Well if I can't see people when going through the street, they can see me and won't jowl against me." His wife once thought he could see a bit, for he was so sharp and true, in order to prove it, she lighted six candles then asked Tom where they were, but he went into the opposite direction. While Tom was the organist he always attended weddings and funerals (for at that time they generally ended up at a Public house) he was a capital reciter, with a genial temper, and if needful, his flute or clarionet, would soon come from his pocket, expecting a share of their bounty. For several years he chose to live a retired life, at Pike Law Workhouse (later named Moorlands) although I think he had about £60 on that account he had his liberty to go in and out whenever he pleased, but being the most happy whilst playing the harmonium at the services in this place. He had been a pupil of Dr. Wainwright, of Liverpool. His body is interred in the porch of the Haslingden Church at the North end, where he had been organist for so many years, and there is some poetry on the gravestone, which has special reference to the organ and to the late organist. I took pianoforte lessons from G.F. Hudson, New Laithe, Feb 18, 1853 to Dec 31, 1853 at 10/6 p. qr.

In the year 1853 a general agitation from the factory operatives, for an advance in wages of 10 per cent. A large number of meetings and processions were held in the various parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire affected by it. On August 20 1853, a monster meeting and procession was held at Burnley, also another was held at Bacup on Sep 2, 1853. Preston Mills were locked up on Aug. 29, 1853. On Oct. 15, 1853, all the masters at Bacup closed their mills, while all those people who were at work supported those who were out, but in order to weaken their pay, the Burnley masters also closed their mills on Oct. 28, 1853. All these mills were closed about six or eight weeks. During all this time great gangs of operatives came through our streets, craving assistance whilst struggling for life. Sometimes some men would be drawing a

large waggon, it was a marvel to see the bread and cheese etc., piled up on to the waggon. But these operatives arranged to return to their work, for it had been decided to fight the battle at Preston, and all the other places were to abide by the decision of the Preston masters and workpeople. Great support was sent to Preston, Blackburn also sent £1,000 weekly, and many of the manufacturers in Blackburn supported the lockout in Preston, saying, they did not care how long they were locked out, for they were getting a better price for their own goods. The strike lasted 38 weeks and I was there with money from Crawshawbooth, when it finished up in the Old Cock Pit, on Sunday, May 22, 1854. The masters had made a promise that if they would return to their work, they would give the advance in a few weeks which was done. The number of hand paid 278.629. Number of hand paid weekly 7332½  
 " " " " " £1469.13.2  
 Number of hands paid £57.847. For 38 weeks August 29, 1853 to May 22, 1854. Total collected £64.230.0.10¾.

Holcombe Tower was built in memory of the late Sir Robert Peel who died July 2, 1850 Aged 62 years. Holcombe Hill on which the tower stands is a very prominent landmark, it overlooks Bury and also Ramsbottom in the valley below, where the Peel family (his ancestors) were great employers of labour. Sir Robert Peel spent his time in politics, and eventually became Prime Minister, under Queen Victoria, he it was who caused the crushing Corn Laws to be repealed. The tower is built square and massive, it stands 450 feet above the valley. A gallery is reached by several flights of stairs. It cost £1,000, and the stone was quarried from the hill nearby. In bold letters is the name "PEEL" Several feet above the doorway. It was opened in the presence of large crowds of people, and the hill top was like a fair. In the summer time it is a picnicing spot from all parts of Lancashire. Built in 1852. Grace Jakkson (my mother-in-law) died Oct. 21, 1853 Aged 63.

A great snowstorm occurred on Wednesday Jan. 4, 1854.

On Crawshawbooth fair-day, 1854 (that would be Whit-Tuesday) at the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw, "Handel's Oratorio," "Messiah" was performed. The great tenor, Tom Parker was one of the principals present.

In this year 1854, I hired a small harmonium, from William Taylor, Bank Street, Rawtenstall. It had only four octaves, and the bellows was worked by only one pedal, it had the appearance of a small soap box, but I was very proud of having the little instrument, which I believe was the first of its kind in the village. It had a very sweet tone, and I was persuaded by some old friends to take it to the Rehoboth Chapel for trial at the Sunday service. The old people did smile to hear such sweet strains come from a plain ordinary looking box. It stood under the pulpit, and I was assisted by James Riley with his cello. This trial gave great satisfaction, but on some

account they did not purchase an instrument until the year 1858.  
(Perhaps the building was not yet out of debt.)

April 26, 1854 - Thanksgiving Day.

A good many years ago, walking along the road near Dunnockshaw, I met James Lord (of Lord & Fenton) he said, "It's a long time since we rambled to Rochdale with William Gill to Old St. Chad's." I said, "Yes it is," for I had almost forgotten it, so remote it seemed. Then we had a good laugh about how we were all very fond of copying epitaphs, and about our special visit to see "Tim Bobbin's" grave, and the long flight of steps (122 in number) leading up to the church. On arrival at the top of the steps, one is in the graveyard, and a footpath leads across it to an outlet on the other side, at this end all the grave stones have been laid down flat, except the railed enclosure over Tim's grave. From the top of the steps what a splendid view met our eyes. It is like being on the top of some great hill to look down at the town below, almost at our feet. I do not know of any other view to equal this from a churchyard. Then we walked across the few yards to Tim Bobbin's grave. The inscription reads as follows "Here lies the body of John Collier, of Milnrow, who died 14th July, 1786 Aged 57 years"- Tim Bobbins.

Here lies John and with him Mary  
Cheek by jowl, and never vared,  
No wonder that they so well agree,  
John wants no punch and Mol no tea;  
Also Mary, his wife, of Milnrow, who died June 4th 1786  
Aged 63 years.

The following is another in the same yard:-

Here lies Jo Green, who arch has been  
And drove a gainful trade  
With powerful death, till out of breath,  
He threw away his spade.  
When death beheld his comrade yield,  
He like a cunning knave,  
Came soft as wind, poor Jo behind,  
And push'd him in't his grave.  
Reader, if one tear thou hast in store,  
Since Jo Green's tongue and chin can't wag no more.

This sexton died November 24th 1748. Aged 45 years.

A man once with his little boy rode down the steps in a two wheeled trap, for a bet of £5. When he reached the bottom a policeman was waiting for him, he was summoned and fined £3; but he did not care as he had made £2 out of it, but it was to show his friends he knew his horse and what it could do, and had confidence in it.

Later I paid a second visit to St. Chad's with a party of friends, when we had a more extensive survey. In front of the Town Hall stands John Bright's monument is to be seen a short distance from the steps. After again viewing Tim Bobbin's grave, we crossed the yard and inspected the old stocks, which were in good order. Then crossing to the right hand road we entered a beautiful park; with neatly-laid footpaths, and some very fine statues. I paid another visit to Rochdale to see the funeral of John Bright, Quaker, M.P. I never saw so many people lining the streets to see a funeral as at this one. He was born November 16th 1811, and died March 27th 1889.

The first Sunday school in Rochdale was commenced in 1784 by a man named James Hamilton, and it was in the very same room that John Wesley's horse was stabled at the White Bear public house. Mr. Hamilton wrote to Robert Raikes for information about Sunday schools. He was advised to get the children together, and to teach them to read and write, and as often as possible to take them in procession to some place of worship. Mr. Hamilton began his first Sunday with six scholars, and the second with thirteen. An acquaintance (John Croft) asked him why he took the children into his shop on the Sabbath, and when told it was a Sunday School, he requested permission to become a teacher. The ninth Sunday there were 23 scholars, and then as recommended by Mr. Raikes, they marched them in procession to the parish church. When they arrived at the door, the beadle, with his red collar on, and long black staff in his hand, sternly refused them admission. James Hamilton told him it was a Sunday School, and they must be admitted. This enraged the mighty "Beadle," and he took out the hand-cuffs; at the sight of which, John Croft took to his heels down the 122 steps, but Hamilton stood firm. The "Beadle" then shut and locked the door, went to the Vicar, "Old Dr. Wray" to tell him that two men had brought a lot of dirty children, that they called a Sunday school, and were determined to enter the church, and he was determined they should not. The Vicar scratching his wig said "Put them in some corner out of sight!" It would have to be a large corner out of sight, that would hold that same school now, for it numbers over 1200, and many thousands more are taught in the valley, not only to read and write, but also their way to a better world.

I never had the privilege of a day-school, but when we lived at Lumb from my fourth to tenth birthday, Robert Ashworth of Moss Barn was my Sunday School teacher. He was a very quiet and harmless man. He had a son named "James" a violinist (these are the two violinists who, one night got out of bed to rehearse a piece of music they were unable to do before retiring to rest). They rose from bed and rehearsed the music again. Mr. Ashworth, the elder, was one of the fourteen members who obtained their dismissal from Goodshaw, in the year 1828, on the formation of the Lumb Baptist Church. He was also one of the four men who founded a Baptist Church at Deerplay, about 1840, and which later was removed a mile down the road to Weir. Robert Ashworth also acted as supply to Waterbarn Baptist Church, when that place was in its

infancy. After doing duty in the pulpit he used to go down into the singing pew to accompany the singing with his "Cello!" On one occasion he struck up a hornpipe, at the sound of which a member came in, and said, "Hush, Robert, does ta know thea'rt playing a "Idle tune!" Robert replied, There were no "idle" tunes, it were all in the rendering, and he did not think it fair for the devil to have all the best tunes. I went with a friend one Sunday morning to see Robert Ashworth at Carr. Whilst we were chatting he brought out his "Cello" and played us two solos, with variations, viz, "Huntsman's Chorus" and "Mac Gregor's Farewell!" He was the composer of 20 overtures, about 50 psalm tunes, and a good many hornpipes, quadrilles and waltzes. He died on January 26, 1881, after a long and useful life. Aged 83 years.

At Whitsuntide 1854, my friend G.F. Hudson set sail to America. Returned five years later.

In this year 1854, the mill and row of houses at Clowbridge, was built. The mill engine first turned round on August 17th. Before these were built, there was nothing else at Clowbridge with the exception of the Reservoir, which had just previously been made. This district is known as the Higher Booths.

Our family had now been working at the Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth, 18 years, and Mr. Pilling was contemplating retiring from the business in March, to Hudson and Robinson, who succeeded him, but some alterations and repairs had to be made before further working could be resumed. That being the case we got a few weeks work at Holmes Mill near Ewood Bridge, but when Mr. Haworth the Master, learned that we should not remove down there, he wished us to give way for someone else. So we were idle for a short time, but the repairs were being hurried forward. We started work on Whit-Tuesday, in the afternoon (Fair Day). We got rovings into one mule, and had a set off, then they said, "We will now stop for the fair, for all had been anxious to make a start on this day.

In the following year 1855, some unpleasantness arose at our work, and Mr. Driver of the Lower Folly Mill gave us the opportunity to go and work for him. We had not been here very long, when a great explosion occurred at the Higher Folly Mill, a few hundred yards away, the boiler had burst. Six persons were killed. It happened on April 25, 1855. Whilst working at this mill, there happened a leakage in the reservoir at the head of Folly Clough, (known as Greenfold) about a mile above our mill. A diver came from Liverpool to make the inspection. Now, this was a very rare occurrence with us, with the result that the work people came from the mills round about, to see the man go down. It was in the winter time and the water frozen, so the ice had to be broken before he went down. He was down twice and stayed about half an hour each time. The work people stayed until he was supposed to have finished, before going back to work. It was said that he had found a hole large enough to put a horse in. I saw his clogs in the

barn at Greenfold Farm, and they weighed about 36lbs.

During the Christmas tide, 1855, my sister Sarah, was married to Bernard Barcroft at Longholme Chapel, Rawtenstall. Then we went to Blackpool for three days.

Crimean War ended, March 29, 1856, evacuated July 12, 1856.

On June 28, 1856, I, Moses Heap and Ann Jackson were married at St. John's Church, Shuttleworth, and my wife being a member of the choir, they were in attendance - I remember they sang "All among the Barley" - afterwards we went to Southport for three days. We lived at Crawshawbooth after our marriage. We were married by the Vicar Rev. H. P. Hughes.

On July 19, 1856, Mr. William Gregson of Blackburn, came to Crawshawbooth to lecture on Temperance. The meeting was held at "Polly Gill nook" (opposite the Black Dog Inn) and truly he had a great deal to say about Mr. & Mrs Boniface, both here and elsewhere. So, this time the publicans combines and brought a lorry with a barrel on it, and drew it alongside the one on which the lecturer stood, and pint pots of ale were handed round to all present, one was also given to the speaker - he threw away the contents but kept the pot. When the drink began to operate, then commenced a lively time, which was kept up by singing, shouting and fighting, long to be remembered. As for police for many years, there was only two policemen between Dunnockshaw and Rawtenstall. One was stationed at Rings Row and the other at Dandy Row. So, when there was a row on, the village could take care of itself.

The following October, I went to work at Russia Mill, Newchurch. Then we removed to Acre Mill, where we resided about six months, then the mill stopped.

Friday, August 8, 1856, A great thunderstorm occurred. My Grandmother Lord died May 25, 1857. My wife was confined on May 14, 1857. The child was named Joseph, but only lived about three weeks, and was interred at Shuttleworth Church.

On Fair-day, Whit-Tuesday, 1857, we removed back to Crawshawbooth, and Mrs Hamer, a neighbour friend came along with us, for she had been specially kind to us, whilst living amongst strangers, which was reciprocated until the day of her death, about 1880.

After our return, I worked at the Sunnyside Printworks for about six months. I commenced to work again for Hudson and Robinson, in the summer of 1858, and in the August of the same year we had our photos taken by the Rev. J. Jefferson, of Goodshaw Chapel, and a brooch, for 12/6 and 2/- brooch.

On June 9, 1858, a boiler explosion occurred at Dean Mill, Dean. Three persons lost their lives. The following Sunday we went to see the place. It was a shocking sight, a portion of the mill being blown down. It was the Charity Sermons at Lumb, so we took the opportunity to have a view of it.

In September, 1858, four persons were appointed, and to be responsible for the purchase of a suitable musical instrument, to accompany the singing at the services of the Rehoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold. There was John Hudson, James Riley, Richard Hudson and myself, and we arranged to go on a certain Saturday afternoon to Todmorden to see an harmonium. This we purchased and brought it back with us. I had promised to give my services for twelve months, but I played the instrument for 14 years, besides having all the tunes to arrange, which greatly injured my eyesight. Shortly after, some of the friends from Sunnyside Baptist came to look at the instrument. Consequently they also got one, and I occasionally paid them a visit. Not very long after some members of the Wesleyan choir came to see our harmonium, and I well remember them purchasing one, which I believe cost about £40. Not having anyone who could play it, my friend, George Suart, who was the choir conductor, came and wished for my assistance for a few Sundays. Well, I promised, and here besides being pleased, I got terribly vexed by the minister, whose name was the Rev. Philip Hardcastle. This man had brought a new tune which must be sung, and he would not be said nay. The tune was called "Castle milk" It was very badly written with a pencil, and what a job I had to make it out, not to mention how a lot of singers in a large singing pew were to grope their way through it, without a copy, or ever having heard the tune before. But George did not spare the Minister when the service was over. Mr. Hardcastle was a very eccentric man. Very often when he gave out a hymn, he would also tell what tune had to be sung. On one occasion he was preaching near Bacup, and after giving out the humn he told the tune. One of the choir told him they had not got it, the parson replied, "Well, sit you down until you do get it." When they came to the second and third hymns, and they had got neither of the tunes he gave out, he told them the same tale. What would our "Modern" choirs think of such treatment; me-thinks that a strike would very soon follow.

In those days it was thought to be a great honour to be in the singing pew, and they would often walk many miles to assist at a "Charity" sermons, either without pay or such a thing ever thought off. Now there has to be special collections for the choir, in order to keep them together, and they have to be treated once a year, maybe a picnic, or a trip to the seaside and all expenses paid. I have heard of some having meals,

provided away for them, at 2/6 or 3/- per head, the whole outing probably costing about 15/- per head for the day. This Philip Hardcastle, the minister, I have spoken of, was a tall spare man, with a head of very rough black hair, and had the appearance of an old veteran. He was very displeasing at times, but after all, he had the faculty of getting money or favours where all others had failed. On one occasion he was asked to see a very wealthy man at Bury. This man had often been visited, but without success. He was of the Established Church, Philip went, and met the gentleman in the yard, looking over his horses very much. Thereby getting on very familiar terms. After a time the gentleman invited him to have tea with him. Now, having paved his way so well, he began to break the ice whilst dining, by asking of he could let them have some land to build a school on. To make a long story short, after a little hesitation the man granted the request. On another occasion Hardcastle was present at a conference in Liverpool, being the last man to speak, in response to a call. He began by saying "Well, I am a queer chap and I come from a queer place." "I live between the 'Devil's Gap and Hell's Clough,' which caused roars of laughter.

On Feb, 17, 1859, we had another son born, John William. He was a fine boy, but only lived to see his second birthday, and then died, and was interred at Shuttleworth Parish Church.

I have heard people talk about death signs, in various forms. I have heard some tell of being able to smell death on entering a house, but I am like my father, if there is anything of the kind, I am unable to explain it. Different writers speak of the same thing, years back. However, I went to Jesse Jackson (my father-in-law) to inform him of the child's death, he said, he had seen the little boy, dressed all in white. I then went to tell our friend, Mrs. Hamer at Newchurch; she also said that she had seen the boy in white. Then I went to Aunt Peggy's at Bacup. She said (pointing to a Cuckoo clock). "That clock has not run for seven years, but about the time of the boy's death that clock began to run down, and did not stop until the weight had got to the bottom." Now all these three persons lived many miles apart, and strange to say, they all agreed about the time of the "so-called" death sign. I could trust them all for truthfulness, but not understanding the signs, they are to me a mystery.

About 1860, Co-operative Manufacturing Co's were rather wildly speculating in manufacturing concerns, and forming fresh companies. Large numbers of store members withdrew their savings and deposited them for shares in the newly formed company's saying they would pay a better "Divi" but the majority of them had to suffer later for the rash act. A large number were unable to secure shares in the Britannia Mill Co. which had been issued in shares of £5. I had 4 shares in this. Amongst all this, the Stoneholme Mill Co. was formed, by the excess of intending shareholders. At the final winding-up of the Company, I received 1/6 as my share. Before long every penny was lost. The Britannia Co. was

formed into three separate companies all with the same result. The Stoneholme Mill was built as early as possible. On its completion their money was done. The American Civil War was commencing, so there was a dark look-out for them. Cotton could only be brought over at great risk, of capture, or set on fire, hence the price of it rose to the height of 2/6 per pound, and fluctuated so much that many manufacturers were made bankrupt. Robinson & Holden of Goodshawfold told me that in three weeks they had lost over £800. Whilst this dark cloud was hanging over the land, the Stoneholme Co. decided to sell the mill. It had cost £18,000 and sold by auction to the Globe Spinning Co. for the sum of £8,500. There was a lot of hard-earned money lost by these firms going down.

1861. The duty on paper ended this year. In March this year we removed to Goodshawfold. I was working for Robinson & Holden where I stayed seven years. This was a hard place to work at, the mules being old and heavy, and tis a wonder how I managed to carry on so long. The war caused a great stagnation in trade. All kinds of cotton goods were looked for, and many a family received woollen flocks in exchange for cotton, this compelled the manufacturers to get poorer stuff. All kinds of old rags made their way into Lancashire, these came from the hospitals of Germany, France, and several other continental countries, also old worn-out ship sails. Having this rubbish to work up, we could only do the half quantity of work for the day. Our mill stopped eleven weeks at one time, but having been careful, and putting away a few pounds for a rainy day, we had a little reserve to fall back upon. We had one child at this time. Prices changed rapidly. Many folks were made bankrupt, and others rich. It seemed like a game of chance. It was also a hard time for the operatives. Soup kitchens, and "dole" centres were established for meat and clothing. Able-bodied men worked on the roads for 9d or 1/- a day. Others had to work on the "Great Height" at 2/- per day. Some old men went to school with a slate on their back. My old friend, John Tims, went in this way, and I think they got 9d a day. Some years later, John with his family, went to live at St. Annes, and two of his sons were drowned in the life-boat disaster during a great storm on December 9th, 1886. The "Mexico" was the name of the vessel wrecked. Most of the Southport lifeboat crew were also drowned. A lifebuoy is still to be seen in the Southport Library, on which the name "Mexico" is still visible. Young women and girls were sent to a sewing school. This was done to keep the people alive, as most had nothing to fall back upon.

The following verses were composed and published in "Punch" very shortly after the disaster, under the name "The Warriors of the Sea."

Up goes the Lytham Signal? St. Annes has summoned hands?  
 Knee deep in surf the lifeboat's launches abreast of Southport sands.  
 Half deafened by the screaming wind, half blinded by the rain.  
 Three crews await their coxwain's, and face the hurricane?  
 The stakes are death or duty; no man has answered "No!"  
 Lives must be saved out yonder, on the doomed ship "Mexico"

Did ever night look blacker? Did sea so hiss before?  
 Did every women's voices wail more piteous on the shore?  
 Out from three ports of Lancashire, that night sent lifeboats three.  
 To fight a splendid battle, manned by warriors of the sea.  
 Along the Sands of Southport brave women held their breath;  
 For they knew that those who loved them were fighting hard with death.  
 A cheer went out from Lytham, the tempest tossed it back.  
 As the gallant lads of Lancashire bent to the waves attack.  
 Three boats went out from Lancashire, but one came back to tell.  
 The story of that hurricane, the tale of ocean's hell.  
 All safely reached the "Mexico" their trysting place to keep.  
 For one there was the rescue, the others in the deep.  
 Fell in the arms of victory? Dropped to their lonely grave.  
 Their passing bell the tempest, their requiem the wave?  
 They clung to life like sailors: they fell to death like men.  
 Where, in our roll of heroes, when in our story, when  
 Have Englishmen been braver, or fought more loyally.  
 With death that comes by duty, than these Warriors of the Sea?  
 When in dark nights of winter, fierce storms of wind and rain,  
 Howl round the cosy homestead, and lash the window pane;  
 When over hill and tree top, we hear the tempest roar.  
 And the keen blasts go sweeping on from valley to the shore;  
 When nature seems to stand at bay, and silent terror comes.  
 And those we love on earth the best are gathered in our homes.  
 Think of the sailors round the coast, who braving sleet or snow.  
 Leave sweethearts, wives and little ones, when duty bids them go.  
 Think of our sea-girt island, a harbour where alone,  
 No Englishman, to save a life, has failed to risk his own.  
 Then, when the storm howls loudest, pray of your charity,  
 That God will bless the Life-boat, and the "Warriors of the Sea!"

John Jackson the last of the two Southport life boatmen saved died 1921  
 Aged 75 years.

March 4, 1861. Lincoln elected President of the U.S.A.

April 14, 1865. President Lincoln assassinated.

New Hall Hey Woollen Mill was burnt down in 1861, several lives were lost.

Helmshore Railway Accident. Sept 4, 1861.

Civil War in U.S.A. commenced April 13, 1862

" " " " ended April 8, 1865

My brother-in-law Bernard Barcroft died Oct 23, 1862.

The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) was married on March 10, 1863.  
 It was held as a general holiday, it was a very cold day with occasional shower  
 of rain and snow, but guns fired away all day from all parts of the district  
 The scholars walked in procession from all the schools, with Bands and  
 Banners.

Old George Ashworth of Granny House, was lost in a snow storm, Jan 19, 1865.

Oct. 3, 1865. Rehoboth Teachers and Scholars walked to Rawtenstall Station then by train to Hollingworth Lake (the weavers seaport) and being led up to the lake by a small band. After refreshments, sports were indulged in, many had a sail on the lake, the whole time was enjoyed by everyone, and we came home tired but happy for the change.

My father died Feb 26, 1867, and was buried at the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw.

We had three children born to us, whilst living in Goodshawfold. Now my health began to break down, and for a time was under two doctors. On my recovery, I got work with William Bramley at the Gas Yard, Ramsbottom. The mules I worked had 1,400 spindles, and were a very light running pair, and not requiring half the power the other had done, although there were 300 more spindles. Sometimes they would run many weeks without anything needing adjustment. It was in the Spring of 1868 when we came to live at Ramsbottom, and in the Autumn of the same year, the parliamentary election took place, and it was a very rough time. One man took the tie from my neck, as he was afraid to go down the street with his own colour on, for the mob would have been at his heels. There were 60 police in the town, and they were kept busy with the rowdy element. We lived very near to Carr Mill, and my wife could go at her leisure two or three times a week at Cop winding. At this time we were fairly comfortable, and had always something to attract our attention. On Sunday we went to Grant's Church, where there was some splendid music. The organist came from Manchester, and also a few paid principal singers. On Sunday evening a solo or an anthem was always sung, sometimes both. One singer was a Miss Harlow. I think I shall never forget her singing of "Oh Thou, that tellest good tidings!" In the stillness of the church how her mellow voice re-echoed through that lofty building.

Once a year an oratorio was rendered by the choir on a Saturday afternoon, it was free to all the congregation and was a grand treat. Our children attended the Baptist School and Chapel in Bottom Street. Whit-Friday was a "Red-letter" day. All the schools had a procession, and would assemble in turn in the square at the Grants Arms. After this, all would march away with their band to a field for recreation, coffee and bun, games etc., Whilst we attended St. Andrew's Church, circumstances began to go against the minister and congregation. The Church had been built by Mr. William Grant, and he appointed £200 a year to be paid to the minister. After Mr. Grant died the duty of paying fell upon Mr. William Grant, a descendant of the family. Now, both this man and his wife attended the Church of England. When old Mr. Grant died, this man came to claim the church as his own personal property, giving the minister, Re. Dr. McLean, three month's notice that his stipend would cease from that time; also that the church would be taken possession of. At the time appointed, 80 ballkiffs came and barricaded St. Andrew's Church. For several months, both night and day, they spent their time

in playing cards and drinking beer. The congregation went to their former "place of worship!" Old Dundee, which after the erection of St. Andrew's Church, had been used as a Sunday School. During the time all this unpleasantness was going on Dr. MacLean died of a broken heart, and wished to be buried at "Old Dundee!" A granite monument was erected over his grave, with the following inscription: "Andrew MacLean D.D., 40 years minister of the Presbyterian congregation, Ramsbottom. Born at Glasgow, Jan 1st, 1799. Died at Barwood Mount, October 22nd, 1869!" "I have lived in the Faith of the Gospel! Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!"

In the early part of the year, work became very slack, and on March 8th, 1869, I started work again for J. Hudson at Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth. About 6 p.m. as we were finishing work, there were earthquake tremors, at first we thought a segment of the waterwheel was breaking, but on looking through the windows, people were out of their houses in the middle of the street, to see what was the matter. We did not remove our family until December 4, 1869. It was a very cold day and kept snowing. Two of the children, having had scarlet fever, came along with their mother in a closed carriage to Hawthorn Buildings. Our beds being wet, we had to lie on the floor all night. For some time there had been trouble in the Crawshawbooth district, the farmers wishing to raise the price of milk to their customers.

From the time the Presbyterian Congregation were ejected from St. Andrew's in 1869, they were to occupy the old chapel of Dundee, which had been used as a Sunday School since the erection of the Church. After a time the congregation decided to build a new church. A site was secured, and it was precisely the "Old hill top" on which Mr. William Grant said he would like to see a fine church planted. It is a fine building with a tall handsome spire. The foundation stone was laid in September 1872, and the Church was opened on Thursday, 23rd October, 1873. The cost was estimated not to cost more than £5,000, by the opening £4,030 had been raised, but the cost exceeded £7,000 exclusive of the site on which it stands, with an Annual ground rent over £32. The old St. Andrew's Church was opened in 1871, and consecrated by Bishop Fraser of Manchester, as a Church of England (Episcopal) on the 22nd April, 1875.

The following poetry was made and circulated on the occasion, by an opposer of the Blue Milk Parliament. by P.W. Poucake. 1868

On the 15th August, a meeting took place,  
At New Inn, near Goodshaw, that central place.  
The meeting consisted of Farmers I think,  
The object of meeting was, raising the milk.  
They all did agree that their income was small,  
Heat problem was high, and the rain did not fall.  
So how to proceed to make up their Rent  
To raise up their milk is their present intent.

Some of them complain that their land is but poor.  
 If the'r killed by hard working, they'll live to fourscore.  
 For all that they do is to get out their muck,  
 And then they will leave it to fortune and luck.  
 So the Blue Milk Parliament came to the conclusion,  
 To raise the Milk up in spite of confusion.  
 They all then declared to make a good start,  
 They would not sell their milk at two-pence per quart.  
 So then they concluded without a dissent,  
 To raise it a half-penny, such was their intent,  
 And then they gave notice, what was their intention,  
 So I have no need their names here to mention.  
 There is old Lolly Bullmuck & Dunnockshaw Fart,  
 They both got so drunk, that they wolted their cart.  
 There is old Blunter Slug, and Tackling Tum,  
 They should have been Lawyers, but they were too numb.  
 There is Abel, and Reuben, Bowt Hat, & Bob,  
 These all are concerned in this excellent job.  
 There is Tuets, and Bull-Dogs, & Mrs. Gasmart,  
 They want to sell milk at 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d per quart.

Blue Milk Parliament. Tune "Down I Derry Down".

In nine months we removed down into Crawshawbooth. I remained two years at Bridge Mill and it was my third time of working for John Hudson. Some may think I was very whimsical, but the fact was, there were now too many masters about the place, consequently it was impossible for me to settle down. From here I went to work for my old master, at Carr Mill, Ramsbottom, for a few weeks. Whilst working here, two men who had been drinking heavily, made a bet of a shilling, that one of them could swim across the Carr lodge. The man pulled off his clothes and jumped into the water, while the other man went back to his "cups". That was at noon on a bitter cold day in February. The other man did not swim across, but two men pulled him out about 4'o clock with grappling irons. At the inquest the other man received a severe censure from the coroner, but of course that did not bring the drowned man back. At this time "peaceegging" was on its last legs at Ramsbottom, where it had been carried on to a great extent. One hundred or more persons were dressed in the most grotesque fashion, whilst others went to the other extreme - the most beautiful to behold. The Grant's of Ramsbottom( the Cheeryble Brothers ) of Dickens, well-known "Nicholas Nickleby", presented a sovereign to the most tastefully dressed person. Capering and dancing was in full swing with the music and the Whipper-in had a very long whip to make the job seem more complete. When the firm of Grants died out, this pastime gradually disappeared. When I finished my temporary work at Ramsbottom, I commenced work at Constablelee Mill, Rawtenstall.

Great flood at Portsmouth & Bacup. July 9th 1870.

Thanksgiving services for the recovery to health of the Prince of Wales, (later King Edward VII) were held on February 27th 1872.

Sir Roger Charles Tickborne came to give a lecture at the Cooperative Hall, Rawtenstall, Dec. 10th 1872. He was sentenced to 14 years hard labour, February 28th 1874. for impersonating. His real name was Arthur Orton.

On Saturday February 1st 1873. the Goodshawfold Band, were giving a concert at Haslingden. On returning home at night, it was very cold and frosty, the Secretary named David Harrison had been collecting tickets at the door, kept stopping on the way, and on Sunday morning February 2nd. he was found frozen to death, near Widdlegate Farm. He was buried on the following Saturday at Goodshaw Church, the band played the "Dead March in Saul", on the route from Loveclough.

I worked at Constablelee Mill until September 6th 1874. then went into business as a Draper & Yeast Dealer, on account of my indifferent state of health.

On Sunday October 3rd 1875, John Hudson, of Goodshawfold, a relative of John Hudson, manufacturer, at Bridge Mill, died in the Rehoboth Chapel just before the time for morning service.

Mr. Wm. Schofield once at Goodshawfold, said - that two old men while going into Hope Chapel, Rochdale, were complaining about evil thoughts - a young man hearing them began to find fault with them for doing so - one man says Thomas - I will give you £5 when you come out of the chapel if you have had no evil thoughts, on coming out, the man says - the £5 is not mine for as soon as I got seated - I began to look round and calculate how many looms the chapel might hold.

Mr. A.B. Taylor, preached the Sermons at Goodshawfold, June 28, 1874. His text was - "He that cometh not in by the door but climbeth over some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" He said - Forty years ago, a portly man used to preach at Accrington, took this text - he was so fat that he could not get in at the pulpit door without a stool being set to get over the doorway, on looking round - he saw several persons smiling. Asked the reason afterwards, on being told, he said "Well I hope that I am neither a thief nor a robbin"

#### My visit to the Ribble Valley

Early in the year 1874, having been in indifferent health for over two years, I was ordered by the doctor for a rest and change of air, and if possible go into the Ribble Valley, which extends through Whalley, Clitheroe, and through the hills which separate Lancashire and Yorkshire. Accordingly, I left home on the 1st May, 1874 to visit my father-in-law, "Jesse Jackson," he was toll-bar keeper at Lobley Bar, Whalley, arriving there about noon. After a day or two's rest, I improved wonderfully and to gather more strength, then I began to ramble amongst the hills, towards Clitheroe and the lime kilns, on the lower slopes of Pendle Hill. (This is the district from where "Dick Limer" previously mentioned,

brought lime on the backs of a good number of ponies, over the hills into Rossendale!") One day I had the privilege of seeing the quarrymen at work, blasting the rock. Amongst the places visited was Clitheroe, noted for its old castle in ruins, and is a prominent landmark for miles around. It was besieged by Oliver Cromwell, and reduced to ruins, a short distance away, is Brungerly Bridge on the small river "Hodder;" at certain times, salmon is fairly plentiful. About 2 or 3 miles down stream, the old bridge still stands (though out of use) over which Oliver Cromwell rode with his army and guns before attacking Clitheroe Castle. It stands about 300 yards from the main road bridge from Whalley to Mitton. I also visited Bolton-le-Bowland, Sawley Abbey, as well as a number of smaller places of note. None of them are larger than a small country town. It is in the historical events, that has made the district so well-known. During the summer week-ends, some get crowded by picnickers, the country is mainly agricultural, though within the last few years, it has been advertised and opened up wonderfully by the railway running through, as one of the main routes to Scotland, and which has induced large numbers of visitors to spend a holiday in the district. One morning I was on my way to Chatburn by train, when I met James Ashworth, (Jim-ot-Boggert cote) best known in Crawshawbooth, and whose remains now lie buried in the Parish Church-yard at Goodshaw. After a short chat, he told me he was in search of a horse, if he could find one to suit him, so we tramped round the district. It was very opportune for myself as he insisted on paying expenses for the day, so that was combining business with pleasure for him, but mainly pleasure for myself. As we walked through the fields, he says, "Look at both the land and the cattle, they are a month at least in advance of Crawshawbooth. We visited the grounds of Sawley Abbey, the steward lifted up a skull, supposed to be of a monk, from a stone coffin; which was almost black with age and of somewhere about A.D.1000. I tried to persuade the steward to part with a tooth, there being several in both the top and bottom jaws. We went round to various farms but were unable to find a suitable horse, so we had refreshments in Sawley where we parted company. After parting, I walked through the village of Grindleton on my homeward journey, having to cross the River Ribble at this place by row-boat, in charge of a boy for the small fee of 1<sup>d</sup>, eventually arriving back in Whalley. On another day I visited Clarke Hill which is a splendid walk. Here is an old style of mansion of very great age; passing thence as far as a small village called Wissel, the trees stretching over the lane from both sides, making it nice and pleasant, and passing a white marble cross on the way. I also paid a visit to Whalley Nabb, the small round topped hill across the River Calder which flows along the valley, and made memorable in "Harrison Ainsworth's" "Lancashire Witches," as the scene of the execution of "Abbot Paselow" the last Abbot of Whalley, at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, by the Earl of Derby under commission of King Henry VIII, along with the Abbot were two priests, Fathers Eastgate and Haydocke, being executed on March 12, 1537. On the Sunday, I along with my father-in-law, went to the Parish Church, Mr. Whittaker the old vicar officiated at the service. I don't remember much of the sermon, but the music were of very fine order. The Choir sang Old Calcutta and several others with great force. The anthem was nicely rendered by the choir and organ, Mr. Frodson, the organist was a very skilful player and his brother sang the Bass Solo, and the choir joined in fine

style. I think my father-in-law had a rather hard time of it whilst living in Whalley. He was the only radical in the whole district, the rest belonged to Church and State, that is, "Toryism," but he was not the man to flinch. I returned home after a few more days much improved in health with the change.

I left the mill on September 6, 1874 (as previously stated,) and went into business. As I could not get a permanent cure in health, and kept losing strength. I went on the advice of friends to consult a Church of England clergyman, named Verity, who had also passed his Medical degrees. About 20 years earlier the weavers of Padiham were on strike for an advance in wages, and Dr. Verity was speaking for them in the surrounding districts, as he thought their case was right and just. Eventually they won their case but he was persecuted by the masters, and threatened any of the employees, dismissal, if they attended his church at Cheapside, Padiham,. Consequently, the congregation fell off, the building fell in bad repair, perhaps there would be 8 or 10 in the congregation, and the Vicar would come from the pulpit and accompany the singing on the harmonium. Some time later, a law-suit was brought against him, for removing some bodies in the graveyard, he pleaded his own case in the court, and won the case, for the bodies had only been removed whilst a Main Sewer was being placed through the Graveyard. This was the man I went to visit about my health in 1874. After Dr. Verity had examined me and questioned me, he said, "Well, I have to tell you that if you don't give up the mill, you will soon be under the green sod" (Before leaving I told him of having heard him speaking during the weavers strike, many years before, then he told me what I have stated) He had on his head a black shining cap, he had been a staff chaplain, in the Crimea, and that was his Crimean Cap. He left a curate-in-charge and served 18 months abroad. So now, I left the mill, got a licence to sell Yeast, as agent for Samuel Bannister of Burnley. Later I got it on my own, direct from Hull through the importer, for many years it came from Germany then from Scheidam in Holland, this was the pure Rye yeast and kept much better than the German, as the carriage of it by boat and train took so long before distribution to the housewives.

February 28, 1876. Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India.

March 25, 1876. I found old Betty Heythorn, dead, near Peter Barnes, Edges, and only about half a mile from home.

During 1876, I commenced to travel with yeast over the hills to Water, Dean, and as far as Deerply, and calling at the various farmhouses en route, this was on Tuesday and on Thursday, I travelled in the same direction with drapery, and occasionally went with drapery towards Edenfield, Cheesden and the Rochdale direction, being away from home one night, with yeast I did this journey for 16 years week by week. I think it was by coming in contact on these journeys so much that I have been classed as one of the "Deighn Layrocks" and always coming across

one or another of the old singers, some I knew in my young days, then we had conversations mostly on musical topics. I must have walked thousands of miles on these journeys, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. I enjoyed them all in varying degree. Walking over the moors where there is no sound but the cry of a bird springing up from one's feet, or a skylark warbling its song up in the blue. Now and again the bleat of a lamb. Sunshine, cloud, fog and snow, I have had them all.

As regards the original "Deighners," they used to meet at each others houses, they had some quaint sayings, and tricks though innocent and harmless, which was caused by living in such an out of the way place among the hills, some of them had never been more than five miles from their doorstep, away from the busy throng of that day. One stormy night (a Celloist) named Dick; his wife did not want him to go, but go he would, this little adventure he told the Bandsmen, and a piece of music was composed, and after the singing practice, three wags agreed to have a spree by singing for the old couple - and where he was greatly hen-pecked, the wags got nicely inside, and began to sing - I'll fares a hen that crows, and a wife that pulls the husband by the nose. This being done, the old woman got up and coming towards the lads with a long brush - saying - I'll strike streight deean - the old man says, wilt thou lie still, the'll touch noan on tha, the three lads had to run helter-skelther as best they could.

A friend told me about having a class of 14 learning to play the fiddle, and of all the sounds in Creation he heard from the mewling of a kitten to the bellowing of a mad bull, these beat all. But a lot of these things are changed and of the past, as they are bound to do. The service is only held one Sunday in the year, since the new church was built a mile away on the main road, was erected in 1864. The people came from all directions over the hills. For a long time after the Baptist of Lumb got their dismission in 1828 from Ggodshaw, many of the old people still tramped over the moors to the old chapel. When dead they were brought back to the old place. Henry Whittles was the last person carried over the Livery Hill, shoulder height (by his own request) about the year 1886. Report says that Henry once walked all the way to Manchester, in order to see a copy of Handels "Samson!" I admire the old singers - with all their faults for we must make great allowances for their doings, learning was at a very low ebb in their day. Had these men had the same chance of education as we now enjoy, no doubt they would have achieved greater things, there is still the same blood in the valley, but I am sorry to say, they have not the same spirit of their forefather's. As a specimen - a few years ago, I went over to Lumb Chapel on purpose to hear the old tunes, but I was greatly disappointed. I said to a friend, How is it that they have sung those tunes so badly - Well, he said, the fact lies just here, the Choir were desired to sing the old tunes - which was against their mind, therefore they were careless about doing them right. My visit to Lumb, contrasts very much with Mr. Newbigging's Visit - when he tells of being so charmed at Lumb Charity Sermons, but I think they must have been at their best just then - for some time after - we hear of him deploring the change at Lumb Baptist Chapel. An old man told me that

When he was about 20 years of age, they had nine looms in the garret, and they had to work very hard to make 6/- a week each. All the time they would be singing away to the click of the shuttle. Another man contrived to couple four looms together with strings, levers and pulleys, so that he could produce four pieces of cloth at one time. This man also made his own "Cello" which he played at Chapel on Sundays - so that a good many houses were both Workshops and Music shops. One night, a man who was gypsy whilst passing a cottage door, heard the children singing, he went inside - and looked round - some were rocking in a cradle, he says, Well you are good uns - A'wl gi yo every one a penny, and tis said, that he gave them a shilling. I have given more information in the "Deighn Layrocks," by S. Compston.

When James Ashworth (previously mentioned as the father of Robert Ashworth, my old teacher) was about 16 years of age, a performance of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," was to be held at Spring Gardens, Dean. James carried his father on his back all the way from home to that place, a distance of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, with a rough road, and to cross a brook. The father was blind and unable to walk. On their arrival James set his father down in the big chair besides the fire, and the father sang all the Tenor Solos.

A Jubilee tea-party and re-union of old teachers and scholars was held at Lumb on Saturday, February 8, 1879, being a scholar when a boy, I received an invitation. After tea a meeting was held, at which old tunes were sung and several speeches were made. It was wonderful to see so many old faces, with friendly greetings, and was very affecting. When at last "Old Lang Syne" was sung, the majority of the audience fairly broke down in tears, thinking of the long-past days.

At this time, I was well established for custom by being so regular to time, all round the countryside with yeast. I have travelled over the moors in winter, when shoes and trousers were frozen hard like boards, and snow-drifts higher than the walls. I have actually walked from one field to another over a five-barred gate, without seeing or feeling anything but snow. I was going through a meadow towards a farmhouse, there was a great depth of snow, and about noon with the sun shining. When I saw something glittering in the snow, leaning down and picking it up, was a golden sovereign. When I got into the house I showed it to the farmer's wife. She was the owner, having been selling something that morning and was paid in gold. The fall of snow might take almost two months to melt away, but fog was the worst in the short days of November, especially about the boggy land. I remember one November day as the dark was closing in about 4.30 p.m., I stayed at a farmhouse a few minutes before crossing over the moorland on my homeward journey. On leaving, the farmer's wife offered to cross the field with me, but "No" I said, "I could find the stile," Well, off I went with confidence, and kept on going in the right direction as I thought but I had got off the track, and kept moving. It was dark in a few minutes, and the fog came down thicker than ever. At last I saw a light in a window and made for it, it was the same farmhouse I had got back to. All I had been

doing was circling the field, I had taken two hours to do it, and ought to have been home by that time. However, the farmer had arrived home, so he went some distance with a lighted lantern until I reached the right track. When the spring and summer came round, these troubles were forgotten. To hear the songs of the wild birds, see a few rabbits, or hares scampering about, and all nature at peace, to feel the breeze blowing over one's face high up in the hills, make one think that the blessings far outweighed the trials and troubles. In the same way that (Petulengro) the Gipsy tells Lavengro - Life is sweet, Brother.

There's night and day (both sweet things)  
Sun, Moon, and stars (all sweet things)  
There's likewise a wind on the heath, Life is very sweet, Brother,  
who would wish to die, A Romany would wish to live for ever.  
There's wind on the heath, through sickness, or blindness, if I  
could only feel that, I would gladly live forever.

Here is one piece of poetry, I often think of -

The course of time seems back to roll,  
Where nature's varied charms abound,  
And when through country scenes I stroll,  
Admiringly, and gaze around,  
With eager eye, and swelling vein,  
I feel my heart grow young again.

My mother, born May 21, 1807, died at Goodshaw, February 1, 1881, and was buried with my father at the Baptist Chapel.

Cleopatra's Needle, a stone monument over 2000 years old, and originally stood at Heliopolis, in Egypt, was presented by the Khedive of Egypt, to Queen Victoria, arrived in the River Thames, January 21, 1878, after a long, stormy, and adventurous voyage from Alexandria. It has four sides, and each is covered with hieroglyphics, and it was quarried all in one piece. It was placed in position on the Thames Embankment wall, but it feared that the fogs of London have eaten their way in.

Sir Rowland Hill of the Penny postage fame died August 27, 1879.

Centenary of Robert Raikes, and Sunday Schools 1880.

Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, died April 19, 1881.

Thomas Carlyle, born December 4, 1795 died February 5, 1881.

President Garfield, U.S.A. assassinated July 2, 1881.

Phoenix Park Murders, Dublin, May 6, 1882.

Mr. Bourke and Lord Frederic Cavendish.  
Egyptian War 1882.

General Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, died June 1882. My friend Richard Hudson of New Laithe Farm, paid a visit to York Minster on purpose to see the great organ, with wonder and surprise, he looked up, throwing his mind back 50 years - saying to himself, Ah! the Augmented choir of that date - they are all gone, but the great organ remains there still. He told me of an old friend who was at the "Great Festival" of 1828, when "Handel's Dettingen Te Deum" was being performed - when after the "Introduction of the Symphony," and all the choir joined in the full chorus - "We praise thee O God," - the shock was so great that over a dozen ladies fell to the ground in fits - and an old country organist was found afterwards rambling about in the fields, scarcely knowing where he was, or what had come over him. The new organ at York Minster was opened on April 15, 1903.

In the year 1882, there was a lively time in Crawshawbooth, being one of the grandest affairs even held in the village, created by the marriage of Mr. William Brooks of Crawshaw Hall, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Brooks, and 2nd Baron Crawshaw, after being away a month, they returned to Sunnyside House. After dark there was a torch-light procession through the street. They then proceeded to the works at Sunnyside, where a grand banquet was held, and lasted all the night - the Bride and Bridegroom in a carriage were drawn there by the men having ropes attached. All kinds of wines and spirits were to be had, and which were very much abused, for a small boy could sit down and open the bottle of his choice, the result was, a large number were lying about helplessly drunk. Men who were generally of a quiet turn of mind, were all for fighting. The Bandsmen were all drunk, and some did not know how ever they got home. It is said that Mr. Brooks (who was a Magistrate) had told the police not to take anyone on the occasion, What stories were told afterwards, perhaps some of them were only gossip.

I visited the Preston Guild on Wednesday September 6, 1882. It was a splendid sight, all the various trades etc in the town being represented in the procession. The Guild is carried on for one week (each day) and is only held every 20 years. During the week, ordinary business is suspended. Thousands of people enter the town each day from all parts, road transport begins to get blocked as one approaches the town, and the railways are put to the full capacity. The Guild has been held in Preston since 1179.

The death of Dr. Thomas Kay Whitehead of Greystone House, Rawtenstall, occurred on Sunday, September 10, 1882, and was interred at the Rawtenstall Cemetery, on Wednesday the 13th - The Rev. J.M. Mather conducted the service in the Haslingden Road chapel. Then he led the cartage to the cemetery - followed by the members of that place of worship, then came the officers of the Blue Ribbon Army and about 70 members (Mr. Whitehead being the President) then the Officers of the Ladies section of the Blue Ribbon Army. The Officers and members of the Good Templars Society. Doctors and

gentlemen of the locality came to show their last tribute of respect to Mr. Whitehead, Great crowds lined both sides of the street. All the shops, mills, schools, and public-houses on the route were closed. At the close of Mr. Mather's remarks, a verse of Mr. Whitehead's favourite hymn was sung -

Let us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all around our path,  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff,  
Let us find our sweetest comfort,  
In the blessings of today,  
With a patient hand removing,  
All the briars from the way.

#### Chorus

Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
For our reaping by and by.

The Benediction then being pronounced the Gathering slowly and quietly dispersed. The Members of the Blue Ribbon Army returned to Greystone House, and the following hymn was sung.

I need thee every hour Most gracious Lord,  
No tenderness like thine, Can peace afford,  
I need thee, Oh, I need thee, Every hour I need  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee.

On Sunday, September 17th, Mr. Mather preached the Funeral Sermon of Dr. Whitehead, the building which will hold 1,200 people was well filled in every part. The choir was augmented from the other places of worship in the district. The organist was Mr. F. Holt, who opened the service by playing the "Dead March" after which Mr. Mather gave out the hymn -

When our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the last, the dear,  
Jesu, son of David, hear.

After prayer and chant, Mr. Mather read the 11th Chapter of St. John, then the choir sang the Anthem "What are these arrayed in white!" the second lesson was the 13th Chapter, 1st book of Corinthians, after which the following hymn was sung -

Give me the wings to rise, Within the veil I see,  
The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

Altogether it was a very solemn time for he had been "Everybody's Friend" -

Later an imposing monument was raised over his grave.

On Wednesday, December 6, 1882, I went to Manchester on business. A severe snowstorm occurred. I left Victoria Station by train about 4 p.m. On arrival at Rawtenstall Station the bus had only just left and was travelling slowly. I had a bundle in each hand, but managed to catch up with it at the Queen's Hotel. It was slow moving all the way, but as we approached Rushbed Bridge, Sunnyside, the snow was so thick, the poor horses could scarcely struggle forward. The Late John Spencer of Rock Terrace, said, "Now all you men get out to help the poor horses up the hill!" When the Bus arrived at the White Bull Inn, Crawshawbooth instead of going forward to Burnley, it went back home to Rawtenstall. It was an awful night, the snow was blinding in its intensity and several persons were lost. Someone said the P.C. Stott of Rings Row (there were only two policemen stationed in the district, later there was a Sergeant) that there would be no robbers out that night. David replied "That was such a night they did go out," and sure enough he was right, for on passing the Loveclough Co-operative Store, he saw a light in the cellar, and going down he caught a thief, who received several years transportation. There was no other policeman in the northerly direction until one reached Roberts Row over the Burnley boundary.

July 25, 1883, Captain Webb drowned whilst trying to swim the Niagara Falls and Rapids.

On April 26, 1884, Thomas Brooks, Esq. of Crawshaw Hall, was made High Sheriff of Lancashire. A large Marquee was erected on the lawn for the entertainment of visitors and friends. There were scores of carriages of all descriptions lined up alongside the road, stretching from the Hall gates through the village as far as the National School. What a splendid array there was when the procession commenced its journey to Bacup, which at that time was the centre for the district, all the village had turned out to see it, there was an enormous crowd at Sunnyside. Mrs Brooks with some of the family and friends were watching from the upstairs window of the first house opposite. As Mr. Brooks road through the gates, one of the guests climbed the rails and called for cheers, but the crowd remained silent, the only cheers was from the invited guests. Sunnyside Printworks closed down shortly before.

Jesse Jackson (my father-in-law) died May 9, 1883, buried at Shuttleworth Chapel.

January 26, 1885. General Gordon killed at Khartomn in the Soudan, by the Arab rebels under the Maidhi, a rebellious chief.

June 7, 1886. W.E. Gladstone's first <sup>H</sup> Home Rule Bill for Ireland, rejected in the House of Commons.

Manchester Jubilee Exhibition held at Old Trafford was opened in May 1887 by the Prince & Princess of Wales (later King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra)

There was an exhibition at Liverpool, and the largest Steamship "The Great Eastern" anchored in the River Mersey. It was not very much a success to its owners, and later was used as a Cable ship. After a season of being on view to visitors, it was to be taken to the yards to be broken up.

June 21, 1887. The "Golden Jubilee" of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was held on this date. There were the usual scholars processions, fetes, and great rejoicings throughout the country. The weather was very warm, and altogether the summer was a warm one.

Jenny Lind (the Swedish nightingale) died November 3, 1887. The first steam tram from Rawtenstall to Waterfoot, January 31, 1889. Waterfoot to Bacup, the following August. Rawtenstall to Crawshawbooth, Saturday September 12, 1891 (Electric) Rawtenstall to Dunnockshaw, Burnley. Summit trams superseded by buses, August 9, 1924.

Thomas Brooks, Esq., erected as Baronet, 1891.

Incorporation of the Borough of Rawtenstall February 2, 1891.

John Hudson was born at Goodshawfold in 1802, a grandson of Reuben Hudson of Height Farm. (died at Accrington in 1889). He was a good choir-master and Solo Singer, he brought up a large family, but sorry to say he had a young man killed in 1849, he was in our singing class, and taught his family to sing, and carried on the singing at the Rings Row preaching room, also for a good many years was the Choir Master at Rehoboth Chapel. When I was playing the harmonium, and standing at my right hand, I said to him, you go the right speed and I will-keep with you, that was how the choir kept so well together, gaining the repute for good singing. In 1854, he began to work the Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth, he made money for a time, but lost it again, retiring about 1874, and living at Accrington. He composed a great number of tunes, his best are Virgin, Rejoice, and Happy Songsters, with words, the last tune he composed for the children's field-day of Salem Chapel, Accrington. Before he died, his son, Eli, out in India, sent him 15/- per week. Later the son came back, but the father died shortly after. Eli bore all the expanses. On our way to the cemetery I counted 20 carriages, no expense was spared. A few years after Eli retired, and came to live at Crawshawbooth, worth between four and five thousand pounds. But he began to speculate in Welsh Mines, and lost almost the whole of it, before long he died of a broken heart. I was at his funeral about 1900. A sad end this, after serving 12 years as a Mill Manager in Bombay.

May 16, 1890. Jubilee of the Penny Post.

Edwin Waugh, born at Rochdale, January 29, 1817, by trade he became a compositor in the printing trade, and later became the most noted of the Lancashire Dialect Writers, he died April 30, 1890.

Sir Thomas Brooks Bart, was created a Baron under the title of Baron Crawshaw of Crawshaw Hall, 1892.

The Friendly Gatherings of the choirs of the various places of Worship belonging to the particular or strict baptist society, commenced in 1891. They began in this way. One Saturday afternoon in August 1891, Mr. William Whittaker of Stubbins, had invited the Manchester choir, and the "Rehoboth" (Goodshawfold) to meet him at the Ramsbottom Railway Station. When all had arrived, he took us through the grounds of Nuttall Hall (by permission) after which, we sang several hymns in front of the Hall, then we went up Jacob's ladder, on our way to Grant's Gower, the day being pleasant and beautiful, made more impression on our visit, a thing to be remembered. Arrived at our destination, both choirs united and sang several Psalm runes and choruses, from the great masters. Then we had an excellent tea, afterwards a little more singing, but before parting, a meeting next year was decided on and about the same date. It was also decided to fix next year's meeting to be on Holcombe Hill, which is across the valley, directly opposite to where we were then.

My dear wife died February 3, 1892, at Crawshawbooth after about five years illness, we buried her with the three children at Shuttleworth Church, the Rev. Edwin Dyson, was the Vicar.

I went to Liverpool, March 24, 1894, to meet my wife's cousin (Mary B. Stout) from Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. she crossed by the S.S. Pavonia, which had gone into dock when I arrived. However, I met her about 2 p.m., then we came to the station and home where we arrived about six o'clock. She only stayed in England for 18 months or two years, then she began to feel unsettled, as she had crossed four times, she had buried her sister there not long before, and as she was getting old, she wanted to return so as to be buried with her sister when she died. After arriving in America, where she made her home, we only received two or three letters, then a long blank, then we received a letter from one of her friends informing us of her death and burial. That was one result of leading a rambling life for from home and friends, hardly feeling satisfied anywhere.

In 1892, according to arrangements made in August 1891, our "Friendly Gathering of Choirs" met on Holcombe Hill on August 13, 1892. More choirs had now joined in the affair, and so talked off from one place to another, that our numbers were greatly added each year. Here we sang six Psalm tunes and six choruses. The Bolton choir sang an anthem by themselves. After tea, we finished the Musical Programme then enjoyed chats with friends in the open air of the moorland, then we slowly wended our way down the hill

on our homeward journey; after an enjoyable afternoon.

Second Home Rule Bill for Ireland, introduced February 13, 1893.

During the night of March 1, 1893, I had been so enamoured and thinking about music that I imagined I could hear a tune being sung. From that I composed the tune to which I gave the name "Night Watch," to the words, "Why that look of sadness?"

The "Friendly Gathering" this year was held on July 15, 1893, more choirs met, the rendezvous being Goodshawfold. This was a "Red Letter day" for the village. Our united choirs numbered some 450 persons, from far away places as Manchester, Bolton, Bury, Dewsbury, Rochdale, Haydock, Bacup, Haslingden, Ramsbottom, Accrington and a few others. Some came in Waggonettes and a great many arrived by tram, and on their way up to Goodshawfold, visited the Friends Meeting House, which highly pleased them all. We sat down a good many out of curiosity, in John Bright's chair, then we sang a few verses to the tune "Old Warrington" and proceeded on our way along the valley following the course of the river. We had tea, after which our musical programme were gone through consisting of six Psalm tunes, and six choruses from the "Messiah." What a splendid time we had, there did not seem to be a hitch anywhere, and all seemed determined if possible to make it a success. After this we all proceeded to Sliven Clod to the Baptistry, which is a little higher up the hill. There we had our photographs taken by Mr. McKee, of Hollinwood, and on our return to the chapel a second photograph was taken of us in the graveyard at the front of the chapel. At 8.30 people began to bid good-bye reluctantly, and leave for home.

Manchester Ship Canal, was formally opened at Whitsuntide, 1894, by H.M. Queen Victoria, it leaves the River Mersey at Eastham, and winds about near the river, then near the Irwell for upwards of 40 miles to Salford, where large docks have been built. The traffic had been using, up and down the canal since the beginning of the year, it is deep enough for any large ocean-going vessel.

The United Choirs met again at Rochdale, July 21, 1894. We gathered together on the front of the hospital, and sang several tunes for an old scholar, who was an inside patient, then we made a collection for the hospital which realised £10. When we got to the chapel we went through the programme in grand style, which was composed of 6 choruses and 6 tunes. My tune "Coral Strand" being one of them. 24 choirs and friends were represented at this gathering.

July 27, 1895, the choirs met at Hebden Bridge and as the Society's chapel was too small, the friends obtained the use of the Baptist Chapel much larger.

We travelled thereto in Waggonettes, there were about the same number of items on the programme as on the other occasions.

On July 18, 1896, we met at the Independent Park Chapel, Ramsbottom, after tea in the School, we retired to our musical items, there was a large congregation and all went off well.

During the night of September 8, 1896. I had another dream, that I called "Night Vision" and sung to the words "Praise ye the Lord, tis good to raise!" This was brought about in a very singular way. In this Vision I walked into a strange church, but I don't suppose there were very many people in it, but to my surprise, a friend of mine Edward Nuttall, late schoolmaster of Water, who was no musician at all, was seated at the Organ. On seeing me - he says, "Come and play the Organ!" I said, "No, I will sing" I was handed a book and sang the tune from a printed book which I could see as clear as if in the daylight, and which I copied, and now known as "Night Vision!"

1897 was the Diamond Jubilee of H.M. Queen Victoria, June 21st was the actual date, there were great rejoicings throughout the Empire.

The schools had processions and field-days with all kinds of treats, Crawshawbooth, was fairly well decorated, and every house had a banner or some thing else fluttering from the windows, some had photos of Her Majesty fastened up. At the bottom of York Street was a large square-built arch across the roadway, decorated and with all good wishes placarded up, the whole arch was illuminated by little oil lamps of varied colours. Alderman George Duckworth was the Mayor that year and lived not many yards away from the Archway. During the "Jubilee Festivities" in London, Rawtenstall was represented all the week by its Mayor (Alderman George Duckworth).

The "Choir Festival" was held this year at Bacup on May 29, 1897 (it was 58 years this day since I received my first Music lesson). We had tea at 4 p.m., after which we had out Photographs taken in a field, then we returned to the chapel, and went through our Musical Programme in good style.

On December 31, 1897, a Musical lecture was given by Professor Hudson of Burnley in the Rehoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold. The lecture was met with warm approval, and as a great many of our ministers have a habit of reading a whole hymn, verse by verse no matter how many verses there are, he said that it could not be proved from Scripture that they were read, but it could be proved they were sung. At midnight the usual "Watch-night" service was held.

On July 16, 1898, our "Choir Festival" was held for a second time at

Goodshawfold. Every year the gatherings seemed to gain in popularity, more than the preceeding one.

W.E. Gladstone, late Premier, died May, 19, 1899.

During 1898, a tea-party and re-union of old teachers and scholars was held at the Baptist Church, Lumb. I wasn't aware of it till some time later, when a friend gave me the following piece of poetry, which was recited at the meeting by one of the teachers.

"A Welcome to owd scholars"

To all th 'owd scholars sitting here,  
Aw gie mi earliest greeting,  
Aw hope yo 'all ar doin weel,  
An' fairly likin t'meeting.  
It does mi a lot o' good to see  
So monny weel known faces,  
Aw use to see in years gone by  
O' Sundays in the'r places.

Ther's two owd names aw'll mention first,  
Ther two yo' all weel know,  
Ther's Moses Heap fro't Crawshawbooth,  
An' John Barcroft fro't Green-Law.  
Then two, wi' parson Ashworth's son,  
An' first out book they sen,  
An' aw feel sure we all extent  
A welcome whoam agen.

They're are owd friends you'll all agree  
An' yet aw morn't forget,  
The Madens and the Buckleys  
At comes to this school yet.  
An' neaw aw'll touch o' th younger end,  
For names they are not wanty,  
Aw'll call em whod they're best known by,  
An start first wi Jim Jonty.

Thers Sally, O' owd Bobs, Lucy O'James's  
Deyne Layrocks, sure enough;  
They used to sing i' the' choir here,  
And so did Jinny O' th' Clough.  
We'n them four brothers John O'Sams,  
An' Gregory lot fro't Carr,  
Tho' one ot latter lot aw thinks  
In foreign lands afar.

Then thers Jack Dick un Dick Dick,  
Bud aw've forgotten some,  
Bud never mind, aw gie yo all,  
A welcome back to th' Lumb.

Before we bid yo all good neet,  
 Eawr parsons aw mun mention,  
 Aw think the good they all ha' done  
 Deserve eawr attention.  
 Then heres to all a reyt good wish,  
 Whether yo'r poor or wealthy,  
 An' hope yo' all ar' doing well,  
 And feeling nice un healthy.

By Nemo.

### My visit to Altham

I have long had a desire to pay a visit to this little village, so on Saturday, November 19, 1898, I went by bus to Burnley, then tram to Padiham, and walked the remaining distance to Altham Church, It is a very ancient church. On looking round the yard, I saw the vault of Mr. Butterworth of Sunnyside, of the firm of Butterworth & Brooks, he was buried here in the year 1830. Then I entered the church. The windows are all very small, with diamond coloured glass, and in each window bottom has a brass plate, in Memory of some dear departed one. Altogether the inside of the church was rather pretty but dark. The Minister at this church in the time of Charles II was the Rev. Thomas Jolley, who along with 2,000 clergymen, were ejected from their livings on St. Bartholomew's Day, because they would not subscribe to the 39 articles of the prayer book. This man was greatly persecuted. Although not allowed to preach, was fined for not attending Divine Service. Several times he was taken to York and other places. Sitting on a horse, behind a soldier, back to back, sometimes in Mid-Winter. For their persecutions to this man, tis a wonder they could not see the just judgements of God, for their bad deeds, for many were cut off in a few days after, either by accident or natural cause, with very great pain and suffering. One judge was going to write out Mr. Jolley's sentence when the pen fell from his hand and he died. So this time they left him alone. Some time after this Mr. Jolley went to live at Wymondhouses, where he built a house. It was so constructed that he could stand in the stairs leading to the room above, with the door shut, and the top part to fall upon a bracket to hold his Bible. To this door was attached a string, which the Minister could pull, when the signal was given that the Informers were coming. Then nothing could be seen but people sitting in the house, to whom he had been preaching. But Mr. Jolley lived to see better days (in 1688) when liberty of conscience was granted and everyone could worship God under his own Vine and Fig-tree.

George Duckworth, ex Mayor of Rawtenstall, 1896-1897 (Coronation year) died May 15th 1899, buried at the Baptist Church, Goodshaw.

The "Choir Gathering" was held at Stubbins, July 15, 1899. The Congregational Church was loaned to us for the occasion, with the usual number of Choruses and Psalm tunes, and a short address.

This year the South African War commenced, from the Transvaal and the Orange Free State came the ultimatum, sent by President Kruger to Britain, October 9, 1899.

1900. Most of the news throughout the year was mostly connected directly or indirectly with the war in South Africa. Several small towns being besieged by the Boars, until more reinforcements were sent out. When these places were relieved, there were great rejoicings throughout the country. People went almost wild. Ladysmith, Mafeking & Kimberley, were the principal ones.

The two old shops and two houses, with a large square plot of land, were pulled down during the war, one was the old tripe and pea shop and the other a little newspaper shop, all were removed to make way for large modern shops with the OddFellow's Hall, and a road made called Binn's Street. I had my photograph taken in front of the garden and the buildings behind, there was a group of about half a dozen of us, the photograph was taken by Mr. J.R. Ramsbottom, Fernlea.

This year our Choir Festival was held in Manchester (1900). Our choir met along with the rest, but I did not go. I believe with the good company present, they all had a good time. Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, died on January 22, 1901. Memorial Services were held on February 2, 1901, throughout the country. Business houses were closed, most mills were stopped, trains ran as Sundays, almost everything in the country was at a standstill.

January 24, 1901. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, proclaimed King and Emperor, under the title "Edward VII"

On July 20, 1901, our choir travelled by waggonette to Rochdale, for the festival. The tunes and choruses were sung in good style. My tune "Weymouth" was on the list, and was sung very well, so that, Mr. Lyles, a preacher and a musical man from Yorkshire, wished it to be sung again, saying that it was a very good and useful tune. (This was the last gathering our choir attended) In 1902 and 1903 they were too far away, the first was at Siddell, and the second at Hollingwood.

In the Autumn season (1901) a stag was caught in the farmyard at Hart Hill, Loveclough.

Whitaker Park, Rawtenstall, presented to the Borough, August 3, 1901.

A strike took place at Sunnyside Printworks on June 18, 1902. Out of

door meetings were held, and I was at one meeting in the "Bull Square" when the chief speaker was Mr. J.R. Clynes, the union Secretary (who later became one of H.M. Ministers of State). The strike was not settled until September 2nd of the same year.

The Coronation of King Edward VII should have been celebrated at Westminster Abbey, on June 26, 1902, but the ceremony had to be postponed to a later date owing to the sudden illness of the King shortly before. The king wished the festivities to be carried out on the date appointed, as it would cause so much inconvenience after all arrangements had been made. Some carried them out, and others postponed them, to the Actual Coronation Day, Saturday, August 9, 1902. In Rawtenstall Borough, we kept to the original date, the Corporation treated the Old people of 70 years of age, to a circular drive. Rawtenstall, Bacup, (Deerplay) Burnley, where a good dinner was waiting for us, and a rest of two hours, our homeward journey was via Accrington, Haslingden and Rawtenstall home. This went has often been talked about by the old people, the weather was so beautiful, the trees and gardens were just at their best, with all the decorations along the route.

South African War settled June 1, 1902.

On January 30, 1903, I received a few lines of poetry from my old friend, James Riley, Accrington. It is as follows - (refers to a phonograph)  
Well Moses, old Friend, your letter to hand,  
I see by its reading, you have got a fife band,  
I suppose it can talk, whistle and sing;  
If you all koin in chorus, there'll be a fine din,  
What wonderful things we have seen in our time,  
Does it ne'er make you wish to start life anew  
And see what ther'll be in two thousand and two,  
T'will perhaps be as well to wait the Lord's time,  
May the Cloud and the Pillar, a light to us shine.

On May 5, 1903, at noon, there was an Eclipse of the sun. It became so dark that in some places stars were visible, mills, shops and houses had to light up.

On January, 15, 1903, I was at the Golden Wedding of Mr. & Mrs Joseph Whitaker. There was a great company present. Mr. Adam Heslop and wife were present, they were also at the wedding 50 years ago.

April 15, 1903, A new organ was opened at York Minster. It is now over 60 years since I saw the last of the "Crow trees" cut down by George Calvert, which stood where now the "Oddfellows Hall" stands in Binns Street, though the crows had left some time before, having found fresh

nesting places at Sunnyside.

Marquis of Salisbury (Robert Cecil) Premier died August 22, 1903.

Sunday April 19, 1903 (Primrose Day), the closing services at the Goodshaw Parish Church, were held previous to renovation. The service was conducted by some of the former Vicars, Rev's A. Spencer, J. Howard, and the present vicar, Rev. R. Newman. Very early in the following week - all the pews were taken out. Many of the seat-holders buying their own pews. This is the 3rd church and was built in the years 1828-1829. The pulpit, a three decker one, was in the second church, which was built in 1740, and the Singing pew was underneath. On the removal of the pulpit, some writing in chalk was found underneath, saying, that whilst the pulpit was being erected, three gallons of rum were drunk. The first church was built in 1542, by a grant from Henry the 8th, in his 32nd year. The length of the first church, was 16 yards, the width 7 yards, height 3 yards, with a thatched roof. The present church was re-opened after the renovation on Thursday.

April 14, 1904, at 3.0 p.m. by the Lord Bishop of Manchester, in the evening by the Venerable Archdeacon Fletcher, and every evening till the following Wednesday. The undermentioned clergymen conducted the services in the same order, Rev. Canon Kelly, Manchester, O.F. Heywood, Bury, A. Spencer. 10.30, A. Bedson, 3.0 p.m., Bishop of Burnley 6.30, Canon Ivens, H.S. Butler, S.E. Clarke of Burnley.

On Christmas Day, December 25, 1903, Mrs John Heys, died aged 65 years, she died whilst some of her children were at the "School Christmas entertainment" Also 50 years that (Christmas Day) her mother died while she as a girl, was reciting at school.

May 8, 1904, I made up 80 years to-day. June 11, 1904 Lord George Sangers Circus visited Rawtenstall.

June 11, 1904 General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, S.A. paid a visit to Accrington to open a new Drill Hall.

Here the Diary comes to an end.



In 1909, the family removed to Southport, where Music was still Mr. Heap's greatest interest. In the early mornings he would sometimes sit up in bed, with a slate and pencil, writing some compositions that he had in mind. At 7.0 a.m. on April 24th, 1913, at the advanced age of almost 89, he fell quietly asleep and passed away. Two days later his remains were interred in the family vault at St. John's Church, Shuttleworth.

## APPENDIX

### The Hudson Family

Richard Hudson of Loveclough, in the Crawshawbooth valley and the Rev. John Nuttall (the originator of the Dean Layrocks) or Larks of Dean, married two sisters of the name of Grindrad from one of the Yorkshire villages, the sisters were great singers, and this is thought by some to be the reason why the Hudsons and Nuttall families became so well known. They often went on a preaching and singing tour, in Yorkshire. This Richard Hudson visited Preston in 1745, when the Scotch Rebels over-ran the country during Prince Charles Rebellion.. He was sitting by the roadside when a Highlander came and took the shoes off his feet as they were better than his own. He died April 7, 1776, Aged 61 years. His gravestone lies in front of the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw.

Reuben Hudson, son of the above, lived at Height Farm, Loveclough, was the composer of several tunes, there is a good bit of similarity in his compositions with Henry Nuttall's both being fond of the minor key. He taught singing classes in various towns and villages, he was choir-master at the Baptist Chapel, Crawshawbooth, which was a little below the Black Dog Inn, but now converted into cottages. He was given a bye-name of the "little lawyer" and anyone wanting advice or a will making, would send for Reuben. He died in 1806, aged about 63.

John Hudson, grandson of the above (whose father, Richard the eldest son of Reuben) became a manufacturer at Bridge Mill, Crawshawbooth and known as "Hudson factory" now in ruins. He composed 50 tunes, and one he composed with words, for the scholars field day at Salem Chapel, Accrington. He had a splendid ear for good harmony, being a good choirmaster and solo singer. He died at Accrington in 1889. Aged 87.

George Hudson, younger son of aforementioned Reuben, lived at New Laithe Farm, Loveclough, born in 1788 and died in 1860. This was a Musical Depot as well as a Calvinistic hotbed, these doctrines have been taught on the Rossendale hillsides for over 200 years. On one occasion 10 or 12 persons were baptised here, there being several hundreds of a congregation present from the surrounding districts.

George and Richard Hudson, sons of the above George, were both extremely well versed in theoretical and practical music. George spent five years in America. While there he took lessons under Professor Lendal, on the organ at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He returned to Lancashire in 1859, and settled down in Burnley as a Professor of Music, he composed some good music. He died in 1900, aged 77 years, and was buried at the Rehoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold. George had two sons, who were expert players on the Piano and Violin, but by travelling about the country with

various companies, they both contracted consumption, having gone beyond their strength, thus both of them came to an early death, and were buried with their father. Richard the younger son of George, (Senior) became manager in a Coal Mine near Baxenden, but eventually, like his brother, he drifted into music for a living. It was in the blood. He was a good violinist, and he along with his three sons went to Skegness in Lincolnshire, he formed an Orchestra, and played round the town and gardens under the local authority.

Richard died in 1900 (Born 1828). His three sons were clever players, one of them a maker of violins as well.

A grandson of Richard, Eli, when only about 15, was the finest flautist in the country, for both theoretical and practical. For some years Eli along with his sister (a fine flautist and piccolo player) travelling the country like his half cousins, on the variety stage. He also contracted the same disease "Consumption" and died at the top of his profession at quite an early age. Died January 18, 1919.

The Funeral Sermon of Dr. MacLean, 40 years Minister at the St. Andrew's Church, Presbyterian Congregation, Ramsbottom.

Andrew MacLean, D.D. born at Glasgow, January 1, 1799.  
Died at Ramsbottom, October 22, 1869.

The funeral sermon was preached on Sunday morning, October 31, 1869, by the Rev. John Clellan of St. Helens - and conducted as follows. Hymn 477 Lesson, Deut, Ch.34 - Hymn 221 - Prayer - Chant - Psalm 90. Sermon. Acts Ch.8, V.2 - Popes Ode, - Vital Spark - Prayer. Hymn 91 - Prayer. For more information see the "Country of the Cherryble Brothers."

The 39th and final Report of the Income & Expenditure of the Funds subscribed for the Preston Power-loom Weaver's Lock-out, from August 29, 1853, to May 22, 1854, inclusive. Friends and Fellow Workmen - Having been appointed to Audit the Books, containing the accounts and expenditure of the weavers during the late dispute between the Employers of Preston and their work people, we have done so. The whole of the Books, Papers and Vouchers, were laid before us, and as far as we had the opportunity of proving, found them correct with the exception of an error of 5/6 in the expenditure of the second week. The books were in a most satisfactory position, and were creditable to the Secretary. The Weavers, will see that there is a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of £38-13-0<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> towards paying the £900, borrowed by the Executive during the last two weeks of the contest. This sum of money has been borrowed from individuals, with small means, and it will be no credit to the Weavers of Lancashire if they allow this money to remain unpaid. Indeed some of the individuals who lent the money, parted with their last pound, and we urge on the Weavers, throughout the country, to reimburse that money. A small trifle for those who supported the Preston people, will pay the debt owing; and while the many will scarcely miss their quota, the few

who have advanced the money, will find that their confidence in the honour of the Weavers, has not been staked in vain. The contest is now over, and no doubt some things have been both written and spoken, which would have been quite as well if they had remained in the hands that conceived them. Notwithstanding all that the newspapers have said, and the Master's agent's reiterated ad nauseum about parties who were "interested" in a continuance of the "Strike," we venture to assert to the contrary; and now that the storm has subsided, and a calm has supervened, may we not now ask, is there no way of settling disputes, between Employers and Employed, except by the barbarous intervention of a "Strike?" A cessation from labour without the mutual consent of both parties, shows a want of reason, somewhere, and were the parties who dispute prepared to submit their claims to arbitration, we fancy strikes would be like Angels visits "few and far between!" We see no real remedy for so grievous an evil, as a whole population like Preston thrown on the streets - all industrial operations at an end - the worst feelings of masters, men and women and children, roused against each other, where love, harmony and mutual respect ought to exist, except by the establishment of Boards of Arbitration, similar to those existing in France, and which have operated so advantageously to all concerned. An evil exists amongst us which demands a remedy, and if, after the numerous offers made by the operatives to establish "Boards of Arbitration" to settle disputes, whose offers are still refused, and the "Statue Quo" still kept in existence, it will be evident who are to blame, if we should again see another scourge amongst us, similar to the one at Preston. A quarter of a million of money has been drawn from the industrial resources of this country and by the application of a little of that valuable commodity common sense and forbearance - it could all have been saved. We have never yet seen a valid reason against Arbitration, and if it can be beneficial for Empires, surely it would operate on cotton or other mills. The Masters have issued their balance sheets, but the secrecy in which their Income and Expenditure is shrouded, is marvellous and amusing. It is recommended that as few as possible should be put in possession of the Expenditure, (which may be all right enough) as the recipients of that bounty would not like to see their names tacked before the sum raised by the rattle of the begging box. If those at the head of the Preston dispute among the operatives, were to assume such an air of mystery, what a howl would be raised against them; and it needs no stretch of imagination to see a few editorials dedicated for the special benefit of the unfortunate Delegates, the said editorials largely interlarded with "dupes," on the one hand, and "interested" knaves and demagogues on the other. The papers may cease to assert these hard words in reference to men whose lives have been spent from childhood in an honourable struggle for a bare existence, between the looms and the spindles, or at some other of the numerous useful, and industrial avocations, by which we are surrounded, and which makes England distinguished for her military, naval, commercial and scientific greatness amongst the nations of the earth. The gentlemen whose names are signed to the balance sheet, and report of the Employers, have amongst some common sense - some things highly exaggerated - dipped their pens in gaul and workwood, to asperse men whose motives they are entirely ignorant of; and have displayed that want of charity in thought and word, not excusable in parties with less means of expanding the kindlier feelings than they have, and far from creditable to any person. We purpose culling for the information of the

Weavers and working classes of England, a few sentences from the Master's report, and making a few comments thereon; and we shall do so, not in the spirit of bitterness, but to show how gentlemen can fall into error as well as their humble brethren. The Secretaries say, "Many householders engaged in this strike have been for years in the receipt for the labour of themselves and families of £200 a year. The average earnings of the men, women and children employed have been 10/10 per week, or, for a family of four working (a low average) equal to an income of £112.13.4, being about twice that of many clerks and shopmen - quite equal to that of a small tradesman, more than that of the average of our curates and dissenting preachers - approaching to some of those who embark in the lottery of the learned professions - and quite equal to the pay of a lieutenant of infantry." The gentlemen who have written the above would not surely write an untruth and know it, but that, assertions are not proofs is known to every logician, and that the above assertions are not true is known to every big piecer in Lancashire. There are not so many men about mills who receive £2 per week, but suppose a man to receive this sum, that would be £100 per year, for there will be at least two weeks play in a year. Suppose the average earnings of this man's family (three more) as asserted at 10/10 per week, and the other three (the low average) work 50 weeks, their united earnings would be £80.6.6., or about £20 less than this report asserts. But three workers in one family, besides the father, of the respective ages required to earn 10/10 per week, are rarely found in families, as the early marriages attendant on the factory system takes the children from the parent's home; and the families of this kind being exceptions and not the rule, the rule should be taken and not the exceptions, to reason on the social position of the people. A man must have paid little attention indeed to the numerical strength of families, who states that four workers is "a low average," and those earning 10/10 per week. Two workers with the father will be found much nearer an average than four; and supposing these to earn 10/10 each per week on an average, their united earnings for 50 working weeks would be £81.5, instead of the £112.13.4., a slight exaggeration of £31.8.4., a year. What now becomes of the comparisons with, and the vaunted superiority of operatives employed in mills over curates, dissenting preachers, those who embark in the lottery of the learned professions and lieutenants of infantry. This is, the assertion is simply ridiculous, laughed at by every working man as a gross exaggeration, and shows a lamentable amount of published ignorance on the "average" numbers of workers and their earnings in families. The large amount of money already spent in printing, and having no funds at command at present, alone prevents us from analyzing the whole of the master's document. Leaving co-operation unargued, however it may have failed before. Let us look at the following sentence as a part of the condemnation of men united to make the most of their labour a thing which working men have many lessons to learn before they are as well organized and determined as their employers to do. "Colliers and Miners taking advantage of the necessities of proprietors, have contrived to combine a progressive increase of wages with a steady decrease in the number of the working days. The Shipwrights, Sailors, and Porters of the Tyne and Wear, have joined the vicious circle." What would be thought of the Editors of the Protectionist Papers, if, when corn was abundant, cotton the same, and yarns, and calicoes scarce, the manufacturers and

corn merchants should demand in the markets that the abundant commodities should be reduced, and the yarns and calicoes raised? They called them a "Vicious Circle" for "taking advantage of the necessities" of the times. What elaborate arguments we should hear from the liberal organs about that "achme" of human wisdom: Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest markets, and what "noodles" people must be to call that a "Vicious Circle," which is the stern and inexorable decree of the laws of society. But what is good for the buying and selling class is a "Vicious Circle," to wheel round in for the working-class; and scarce and plenty which are taken advantage of by the merchant class, ought, according to the Master's secretaries, be ignored by the colliers of Durham, the Shipwrights, Sailors, and Porters of the Tyne and Wear. Mr. Richardson and his brother secretary ask a question which strikes every cool and reflective mind. "What plausible reason can be assigned for the expediency or the necessity of a strike?" And the answer is none. But if individuals ignore the right of the working-classes to make their terms, or granting them that right, if it is considered unreasonable by the employers, there are no means at present left but a strike or a surrender. But if both parties would do that which has been recommended in the commencement of this address - submit to arbitration - then, in our humble judgement, the expediency or "necessity" for a strike would be done away with for ever. The oft-repeated assertion that "the wages of Preston were quite equal to the average of the neighbouring districts," it is needless again to reason on. "The wages of Preston are lower than many places in the manufacturing districts," and in numberless instances when the operatives have asked for an advance in districts farther south, the answer by the employers has been, bring Preston up to our prices and then we will raise your "So much for Preston prices," and let us look now at another idea contained in the document from which we have quoted, "Uniformity of prices where conditions are so infinitely various, is altogether preposterous, and utterly opposed to facts and experience." If the gentleman who wrote this had shown how the conditions are so infinitely various between the Operatives of Preston, Manchester, Stockport, and Ashton, they would have made out a case against "equality of prices" but as this is beyond their reach, it is but fair to conclude that everything "preposterous" is on their side, at least so far as the idea of "equality of prices" is concerned. What the disparity in prices of Engineers on the Clyde and the Thames have to do with weavers on the Mersey and Ribble, we do not see, the former being about 300 miles apart, the latter 30, while the same argument holds good for a Wiltshire and Lincolnshire peasant. But the Wiltshire peasant has more than 9/- per week, indeed so scarce were hands in the South of England three years ago, that the farmers applied to a neighbouring barracks for the soldiers to assist in reaping the harvest. It is therefore "preposterous" to think a Wiltshire labourer would work for 9/- per week, under these circumstances. But if he demands more than this miserable pittance, he too would be accused of joining the "Vicious Circle," while the farmer might double the price of his corn, because of a failure on the continent, but there would be nothing "vicious" in this. But who envies the man who can offer a fellow being with a family 1/6 a day to labour for him. It is the sure way to destroy that spirit of independence proverbial in the Saxon race, and when hard labour cannot get in return the comforts and conveniences of life, the working man will exclaim. "It is needless to labour, begging is preferable."

This consideration of reducing the labourer to a minimum of wages, and continually keeping him in a pauper position or worse, is far more worthy the attention of social reformers, than the everlasting cuckoo notes of buy cheap and sell dear, supply and demand. Doubtless these things have a great influence in a competitive market, but are charity, philanthropy, and every Christian maxim laid down alike in the old and new testament to be ignored - mankind to wrap themselves in a mantle of selfishness, heedless of the sufferings around them and exclaim, "It is an inexorable decree of society, supply and demand regulate these things, we must buy cheap and sell dear, those who don't like it must remove to other lands." If this is to be the doctrine, shut up your bibles, but particularly blot out the phrase "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and proclaim the doctrine of individualism.

"The good old law - the ancient plan  
That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can."

It is time to draw this document to a close, and now turn to the more pleasing duty of commending a portion of the labour of the Master's secretaries. With the greatest sincerity we re-print their concluding words, and hope that the advice there and here given again will be acted on. That both employers and employed, tempering the assertions of their strict rights by mutual forbearance may labour together in a spirit of candid co-operation and be no more arrayed in antagonistic combination - a state equally prejudicial to the social happiness and mutual prosperity of both. Such are our sentiments, and we believe of all those who have, unfortunately for themselves, taken an active part in this last great labour struggle. We hope that by the combined exertions of labour and capital, aided by wise legislation our country may continue to advance in material prosperity and intelligence, - that peace, happiness, contentment, and plenty, may reign alike in the mansions of the wealthy; and in the cottage of the industrious poor.

### Sunnyfield Farm Murder.

This was an awful deed that was committed at a lonely farmhouse called Sunnyfield, near Dean. The following is from scraps of conversation I had with some of the old people a good many years ago. A young man of Harrow-stiles, named John Nuttall with two companions, had been drinking heavily at the Deerplay Inn (just over the moor) till a late hour on Saturday night, June 21, 1817. Nuttall's sweetheart lived at Sunnyfield farm, and he must have been inflamed against her, to do her bodily harm, for when they started off on their homeward journey, his boon companions had promised help if he could not manage by himself and they hid behind a wall near-by. Ann White, for such was her name, was by herself in the house, her parents having long retired to rest, she was stood at a table in front of the uncurtained window and was ironing the clothes by candle-light. Nuttall enticed her out, and immediately set on her, murdered her close to the barn, then dragged the corpse across the yard and put it in a well which is by the side of the public footpath and is covered by a stone flag. The day following the murder, Nuttall was arrested on the moorland towards Deerplay. He was taken to Lancaster Castle, stood his trial, and was found guilty and hanged there. He was wearing a new suit of clothes when taken to Lancaster, and I have heard an old man say, that he saw the man's father walking there the day before the son was hung, so as to exchange old clothes for the new ones. My informant also saw him returning home early one morning a few days later, carrying the new suit under his arm. New clothes at that time were of great value, for a person could only get a new suit once in about 5 years or more. The suit was generally worn at Church service on Sundays; after service the suit would be exchanged for the everyday clothes. After the crime Nuttall's two companions spent miserable lives. Both got married and had large families, but when they came to die, neither of them could pass out till they had confessed their share in the awful deed. Both of them were greatly terrified, nor would they let their wives leave them. As a result of this crime (so it is said) their children had to suffer in one way or another, which is a strong testimony of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children. (I knew several of them, and they were either deaf and dumb or dumb) At that time there was only the farm and the well, the public footpath went alongside them, which for a long time was shunned as if haunted. The farm became empty, and the landlord thought that it was hardly likely anyone would want to live there again, so he built another farm-house a few hundred yards away (as for company, he said). The property owner, Robert Law (known as Robin at Turn Hill) removed the stone on his pony's back from a quarry half a mile lower down the valley. When it was completed, a man named Richard Hargreaves (Dick O'Peters), a native of the district went to live there. He had only lived in the house a short time, when he went to the owner to give notice of leaving, saying, that he could not pay his rent. The owner said "Go back, you will have money sometime!" and rather strange to say, he lived in the house until death in 1865, which was 47 years after. On my travels I passed the farms and well regularly, and an old farmer's wife not far away, whom I called upon, told us she was five years old at the time, and could remember the excitement at the time created by the murder. Her mother was the one to attend to the corpse for burial. At

the funeral the yard attached to St. John's Church, Bacup, was crowded. A stone was erected some time later.

In memory of Ann, daughter of William White,  
of Sunnyfield, who died June 21st, 1817 in  
her 24th year.

Mourn not for me when this you see,  
Since God was pleased to call me,  
I was at rest, but must not stay,  
So my poor life was cast away."

For many years after the murder, the young men and young women of Dean, on the anniversary day, visited the grave, and strewed it with flowers.

#### Holmes Chapel Murder.

There is also another murder case to relate before leaving the district. Lawrence Britcliffe was born of respectable parents, who paid attention to his morals and education. He began to remember his Creator in the days of his youth. He was a hopeful young man, and promised to be of great eminence in religion. His knowledge, zeal, and practice therein, were considerable. He was diligent in hearing and reading the word of God, and promoting private meetings for prayer and Christian converse. His circumstances in life, were above mediocrity, and he married a young lady of a respectable family. The union did not prove a happy one. Britcliffe was a dissenter, but his companion was strongly attached to the Church of England, and used various means to bring her husband over to the church. These means constantly used, rendered his wife like a continual dropping of rain. Domestic quarrels ensued, family religion was interrupted, home became unpleasant, and Britcliffe became ashamed of himself amongst his religious acquaintances. He now began to associate with loose and ungodly companions. He spent his time in hunting, shooting, and drinking, and sunk into the very drags of idle and vain conversation. Religion was neglected, godly company avoided, and he proceeded in the path of iniquity, from evil to evil, as if he had never known the Lord. He attended the Wakes at Holmes Chapel on the Lord's Day. A quarrel took place between two of the company, a battle ensued. Tradition says, that Britcliffe followed one of them to the door, saying, "I will kill him before I come in." It is believed he had no intention, whatever of doing so, but he took a curdle, or churning staff, that lay in his way, struck the man with it, and laid him dead at his feet. After he was apprehended, he made his escape as far as Portsmouth, and enlisted himself on board a man of war, named the "Victory." On the vessel, Sir John Norris, had hoisted the Royal Flag, Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, being on board at the same time. Presently the Fleet had orders to put to sea, and did so with a fair wind, but before they could get clear of the shore, a great storm arose, and they were obliged (though not without danger) to put back again into the harbour. A second attempt to sail was made with no better result. Britcliffe looked upon himself as the "Jonah" for whose

sake the whole fleet miscarried. He desired leave to go ashore, and contrary to orders, stayed three days, endeavouring to drown his sorrows, by stupifying his senses with strong liquor, and on his return to the ship, was dismissed from the service. He now returned home and was advised (to prevent outlawry being brought against him) to surrender himself a prisoner and take his trial at Lancaster. He did so in hopes there would be no prosecution against him. His trial came on, was found guilty, and condemned to death. Dr. Fenton attended the prisoner, and showed singular concern for Britcliffe. But Britcliffe wrote to his parents, desiring they would prevail with Mr. Crossley to attend him, as having attended his ministry formerly. He could open his mind better, and with greater freedom to him, than to any other man. Mr. Crossley was with difficulty persuaded. He attended him about three days before his execution. The Rev. Dr. Fenton, Mr. Crossley and others who attended him were fully satisfied that he died a sincere penitent, and a genuine believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He requested Mr. Crossley to preach his funeral sermon, from a text which is very expressive of the circumstances of his case, viz, Psalm 99, Verse 8, "Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God, thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their inventions." Mr. Crossley left him in joyful hope the night before his execution, but Mr. Henry Winterbottom, Mr. Benj. Heap, and Mr. Henry Butterworth, attended him to the last, and saw him decently interred. The last mentioned gentleman was father to the late respected Baptist ministers of Coventry, Broomsgrove and Bridgenorth, and to the present Rev. Lawrence Butterworth of Evesham. Mr. Crossley preached Britcliff's funeral sermon at Bacup, May 23, 1742, to a congregation of not less than 4,000 people. A very large account is given of the conversations that took place in the prison, and the sermon is very well deserving of re-publication. Very few books are calculated equally to produce godly sorrow for sin, and faith in the Saviour.

David Crossley along with his cousin William Mitchell came from Yorkshire. They were both masons by occupation and they went about preaching as well. Mitchell was twice apprehended under the Converticle Act; first at Goodshaw chapel, the second time he was taken near Bradford in Yorkshire. He died in the year 1708. Crossley had been a friend of John Bunyan and Whitfield. He was the largest man of this county, and on an average for twenty years, weighed twenty stone. He kept a school for some time during his old age, and occupied a farm at Ta Top, near Goodshaw. On his farm he had a walk called for many years after his death, "Crossley's Walk," at one end of which was a high bench of rock on which he laid his Bible. This was his summer's study or closet, and is so-called to this day. He died in 1744 in the 75th year of his age, and was buried in the Episcopal graveyard, Goodshaw. He had laboured 57 years in the ministry. He was the minister at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Bacup and was succeeded there by Joseph Pickup of Loveclough.

At the Sunday School, processions at Lumb, on the occasions of the Coronation festival on September 8, 1830. The Bill of Fare for the scholars was - Half a load of flour for bread, 42 lbs of cheese, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  strike of malt, for

beer. Total cost £2-18s-0d. Each scholar was presented with bread and cheese and a gill of home-brewed ale.

#### Coronation of King William IV.

James Hargreaves once said to me in a letter from Blackpool (where he resided many years to the time of his death) that I would remember the little old Jenny mill, the water wheel turned by the water down the clough, draining off the hill-sides. An old man named Lawrence Ashworth lived there with his wife, and they had one or two hand-loom in the house. He said that his mother, when a young girl, walked over the moor, down to this place once a week from Deerplay, with the newspaper, and he said that all the Ashworth's at Waterfoot, Cowpe and Rawtenstall districts all came from here. That must have been about 120 years ago., as the letter is dated this year (1904) and James is round about 90 years of age. Now the whole land including the clough is one vast sheet of water, a reservoir belonging to Bury and District Water-works.

#### Men and Women of the "Deighn Layrocks" and their Music.

In recounting the days of old, There's ne'er such singing and playing as there were then! There fairly were some grand music! Folks winnot tak th' same trouble i' these times. Why, we used to go ower th' hills i' o' sorts o' weather, and think nought o' practisin till one o'clock i't' morning, aye till two and three o'clock sometimes. A young man, after a days work walked five miles at least, and over two sets of hills (from Dean to Haslingden Grane) to a practice. Midnight passed in practising; later, as the hour of 2.0 a.m. approached, he ventured to say he thought he should be getting home, as he "had to be up middlin soon on i't' mornin," (as if it were not already mornin'). An enthusiastic old man who also had several ranges of hills to cross over on his way home too, reprovingly said- "Do'st yer what aw'm bown to say, young chap; if tha'rt allus I' such a hurry as that tha'll never mak a musician as long as ever tha lives!" Men were not then tied to 6 o'clock morning factory bell or steam engine: their textile work was at home or in someone else's house - hand manufacturing indeed; and so long as the fabric got done, in time for due delivery and their money earned, they could do pretty much how they liked. It is possible that though the Layrock company began as a religious institution there was at times a little degeneration on the spiritual side. Some of the men giving themselves largely to music, instrumental or vocal, to the neglect of their higher nature; and there might even be a fringe of associates whose fondness for music was connected too often with drinking. I have even heard it suggested that here and there one who could well afford to pay, preferred a place in the "singing pew" on Sundays in order to avoid seat-rent. Nevertheless, the fact stands out that from beginning to end, the Layrock men and women were mainly religious, their music was chiefly psalmody and oratorio, and associated with the House of God. Their own compositions were for hymn or anthem. Their singing and playing were hearty and serious.

If their tunes were often more florrid than refined, and their renderings more robust than elegant, the faults were those of a strong under age and not greater than the too-common opposite ones of tame tunes and spiritless singing and playing by some choirs and congregations today. I hope that all will bear with the faults of these men, for in their day, learning was at a very low point; so that their music must be entirely home-made. I admire them very much and often say that had they been trained as training goes in our day, no doubt they would have achieved greater things. There is still the same blood in the valleys, but I am sorry to say, they have lost the spirit of their forefathers. As a specimen, I went over to Lumb Chapel a few years ago on purpose to hear the old tunes sung again, but I was greatly disappointed. I said to a friend - "How is it they have sung those tunes so badly?" "Well," he said, "the fact lies just here; the choir were desired to sing the old tunes, which was just against their mind; therefore they were careless about doing them right." Just so, you may take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. We sympathise with the old friends. At the time the choir might have thrown yet more light on the case. The Layrock period terminated near the middle of the last century. But instead of their being one company of scattered units, now twenty day and Sunday Schools contain classes of fledgling Layrocks, and there are scores of compact choirs, string-bands, brass-bands, and other groups, to some of whom prizes have fallen, and through whom, band or soloist, our locality has become known far and wide. Verily the Lumb and Crawshawbooth valleys have something to be proud of in the musical achievements and status of the Layrocks of the present as well as those of the past. May the reputation never become tarnished, nor the musical faculty ever be used for other than uplifting and ennobling purposes. Let no one despise the simple life, rustic manners, or old-time music and work of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" who have long slept. Rather, as the rough earliest locomotives are carefully preserved at South Kensington and Darlington as the parents of our present powerful and finished engines, and only unpatriotic and conceived noodles can look upon the rough handiwork of George Stephenson and his men without reverent interest, so no true Lancashire or musical soul can scan the Layrock manuscripts, and consider the work of the men and women of that period without pride, as being amongst the efficient causes of the present greater musical scope and capability of Rossendale, and of the glorious counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

### Nick-names.

Copied from an old Dean music book, an old Deaneer I suppose would be the owner of it, and its age would probably be 125 years or more.

John O'Jim's O'John O'Joan's  
O'Dick's O'Peter O'Joan's  
O'Dick's O't'Slaters what coam  
fro Padiham.

It was very common in days long gone by, when folks lived such hard and isolated lives amongst the hills, for a man not to know his own name, that in course of time many families were known by the work the father did. Such as "Jims Blacksmith" alias Crankshaw. "Th'owd clogger" alias Sutcliffe, or such as "Dick O't New Laithe, George O't New Laithe, and Old George O't New Laithe, two sons and the father named Hudson of the farm named Jim O'Neds, "Kershaw", a Lord tinner.

A postman many years ago went to an outlying village with a letter. Seeing a girl in the street he asked her where Mr. So and So on the letter liv'd. She did not know anyone of that name, but after making inquired at various houses, the house was located and it was the girls father, "Long Bill, Tom Tackler, Harry mechanic, Bob joiner, Dick O'John's O'Sams." Sometimes the names of 4 generations like the Hebrew genealogies of the Bible.

A few more well-known characters in Crawshawbooth, were Jim O'Joan's, and Jack Penny. His son, another was Dick Luck. "Th'owd Bleacher" Robert Knowles the formen at Sunnyside Print Works. "Lord" Tinner "Jammy" Blacksmith, "Harry" Barber, Toffy "Tom," "Lolly" Penny, "Jack" Penny, "Jim O't Boggart Coit, Hot Un."

The three-decker pulpit at the old church of "All Saints & St. Mary's"  
Goodshaw.

This pulpit had three desks, one above another, with a dark hold under the bottom one. The clerk used the first, and the parson the second and third.

One Sunday morning, two young boys of a cousin were at service, and one along with another boy misbehaved themselves to the annoyance of both the clerk and the parson. When the service ended, the clerk and parson got hold of the two boys, and locked them in the dark hole under the pulpit and kept them there for the greater part of an hour to teach them a lesson.

When my Cousin's boy got home, the father wanted to know what he'd been doing this morning, his brother had to tell him all about it. The father then gave the lad a good hiding, and for many days it was painful to sit down.

When the boy told me about it, he was 68 years old.

Mrs Pilling.

Mrs Pilling was a well-known character in the every-day life of the village of Crawshawbooth for many years. She was a very strong-minded woman and was always ready to play a prominent part in any good work for the community. By religion she was a follower of Swedenborg, though not bigoted she would attend any place of worship. Her husband was a shoe-maker and clogger, and pre-deceased his wife many years. His two sons carried on the business. They, like their mother, were interested in the daily life of the working people. They were named Abraham and David, and both loved music. Sometimes they helped the choir with their anthems. Their home was near where the old toll-bar had stood, but the clogging shop was a short distance up the street. When the cause of Temperance swept the country in the 18-hundreds and branches were formed under the title "The Blue Ribbon Army." Mrs Pilling was at the head of it for a longtime, and many of the old toppers induced to give up their drinking habits, being good both for themselves, their families, and their homes.

David, son, born at Crawshawbooth, February 2, 1839. Died April 27, 1906.  
Buried at Hahoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold, May 1, 1906.

Samuel, son, born at Crawshawbooth, July 1, 1841, died in infancy, buried  
Goodshaw.

Lord, son, born at Crawshawbooth, April 23, 1843, died December 21, 1912.  
buried at Goodshawfold, December 23, 1912.

Thomas, son, born at Crawshawbooth, April 19, 1846, died November 21, 1917  
at Waterfoot. Buried November 27, 1917, at Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw.

William Henry, son, born at Crawshawbooth, February 19, 1850, died in infancy  
buried at Goodshaw.

A Record of our Family.

John Heape of Brex, late of Nelson, married Betty, daughter of Richard Heyworth, Farmer, Bacup, Deaths unknown.

William, son, born October 25, 1800. Died February 26, 1867, buried at the Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw.

John, son, died in infancy.

Robert, 3rd son, born January 17, 1803. Died Christmas-tide 1856 at Oldham.

A daughter, who died in infancy.

Ann, daughter, of Lawrence and Betty Lord, born, May 21, 1807, died February 1, 1881. Was buried at Goodshaw with my father.

Betty Lord, my grandmother, of Spring Mill, Bacup, died May 25, 1857, in her 75th year, and was buried at Ebenezer Chapel, Bacup, May 30, 1857.

William and Ann, married Thursday May 8, 1823.

✓ Moses Heap, son, born at Doals, May 8, 1824. Died at Southport, April 24, 1913. Buried at St. John's Church, Shuttleworth, April 26, 1913.

Betty, daughter, born June 11, 1826 at Weir, died at Goodshawfold, March 1, 1880, buried at Rehoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold.

James, son, born February 21, 1829, at Lumb, drowned at Lumb-in-Rossendale, February 1, 1833, buried at St. Nicholas Church, Newchurch-in-Rossendale.

Sarah, daughter, born at Lumb, March 8, 1832, died October 13, 1861, buried at Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw.

John, son, born at Bank Lane, near Ramsbottom, December 9, 1834, died a few weeks old, date unknown, buried at St. Nicholas Church, Newchurch-in-Rossendale.

Mary, daughter, born at Bank Lane, near Ramsbottom, December 2, 1835, died April 30, 1923, buried at Rehoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold, May 3, 1923.

David, son, born at Crawshawbooth, February 2, 1839. Died April 27, 1926, buried at Rehoboth Chapel, Goodshawfold, May 1, 1926.

Samuel, son, born at Crawshawbooth, July 1, 1841, died in infancy, buried at Goodshaw.

Lord, son, born at Crawshawbooth, April 25, 1843, died December 21, 1912, buried at Goodshawfold, December 25, 1912.

Thomas, son, born at Crawshawbooth, April 19, 1846, died November 23, 1917 at Waterfoot. Buried November 29, 1917, at Baptist Chapel, Goodshaw.

William Henry, son, born at Crawshawbooth, February 19, 1850, died in infancy, buried at Goodshaw.

Moses Heap and Ann Jackson married, Saturday, January 28, 1856, at St. John's Church, Shuttleworth. Married by the Vicar Rev. H.P. Hughes.

Jesse Jackson born November 13, 1802 at 42 minutes past 10 o'clock in the morning. Died Wednesday, May 9, 1883, buried at St. John's Church, Shuttleworth May 14, 1883.

Grace Jackson his wife, born August 24, 1790. Died October 21, 1853.

Joseph, son of the above, born March 9, 1830 at 15 minutes past 9 in the morning. Died January 30, 1902, buried at Shuttleworth.

Ellen, wife of the above, died at Whalley Road, Shuttleworth, Saturday, September 20, 1902 in her 75th year.

Ann, daughter of Jesse & Grace Jackson, born January 18, 1833 at  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute past 10 o'clock at Night at Shuttleworth. Died at Crawshawbooth, February 3, 1892, buried at Shuttleworth, February 6, 1892.

Joseph, son of Moses and Ann Heap, born April 27, 1857, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute past 5 in the morning, died at a quarter to 5 in the evening, May 14, 1857, buried at Shuttleworth.

John William, son, born February 17, 1859, at a  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 1 in the morning, died February 17, 1861, at twenty minutes before four in the morning, buried at Shuttleworth.

Grace Ann, daughter, born February 23, 1861, at twenty minutes before 10 in the evening. Died at Southport 2.45 p.m., January 9, 1939, buried at Southport Cemetery, January 12, 1939.

Elizabeth Alice, daughter, born July 31, 1863, at 11 o'clock in the evening, died at Southport, 4.0 a.m. January 2, 1939, buried at Southport Cemetery January 5, 1939.

Jesse, son, born November 17, 1865, at a quarter before four in the morning.

Tom Arthur, son, born February 24, 1868, at 30 minutes past 6 in the evening. Died December 31, 1868, buried at Shuttleworth, January 2, 1869.

Mary, daughter, born January 31, 1870, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

James Herbert, son, born June 19, 1873, at ten minutes before 12 in the evening.

Martha Sarah, daughter, born April 4, 1877, at a quarter past 3 in the morning. Died at noon on Monday April 27, 1936, buried at Southport Cemetery, Friday May 1, 1936.

# I N D E X

Since most of the references are confined to Rossendale, the arrangement is often by item rather than place.

The references to the introductory pages iv-v, mainly illustrations, are for those in the original copy. These items have not been reproduced in this volume.

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